WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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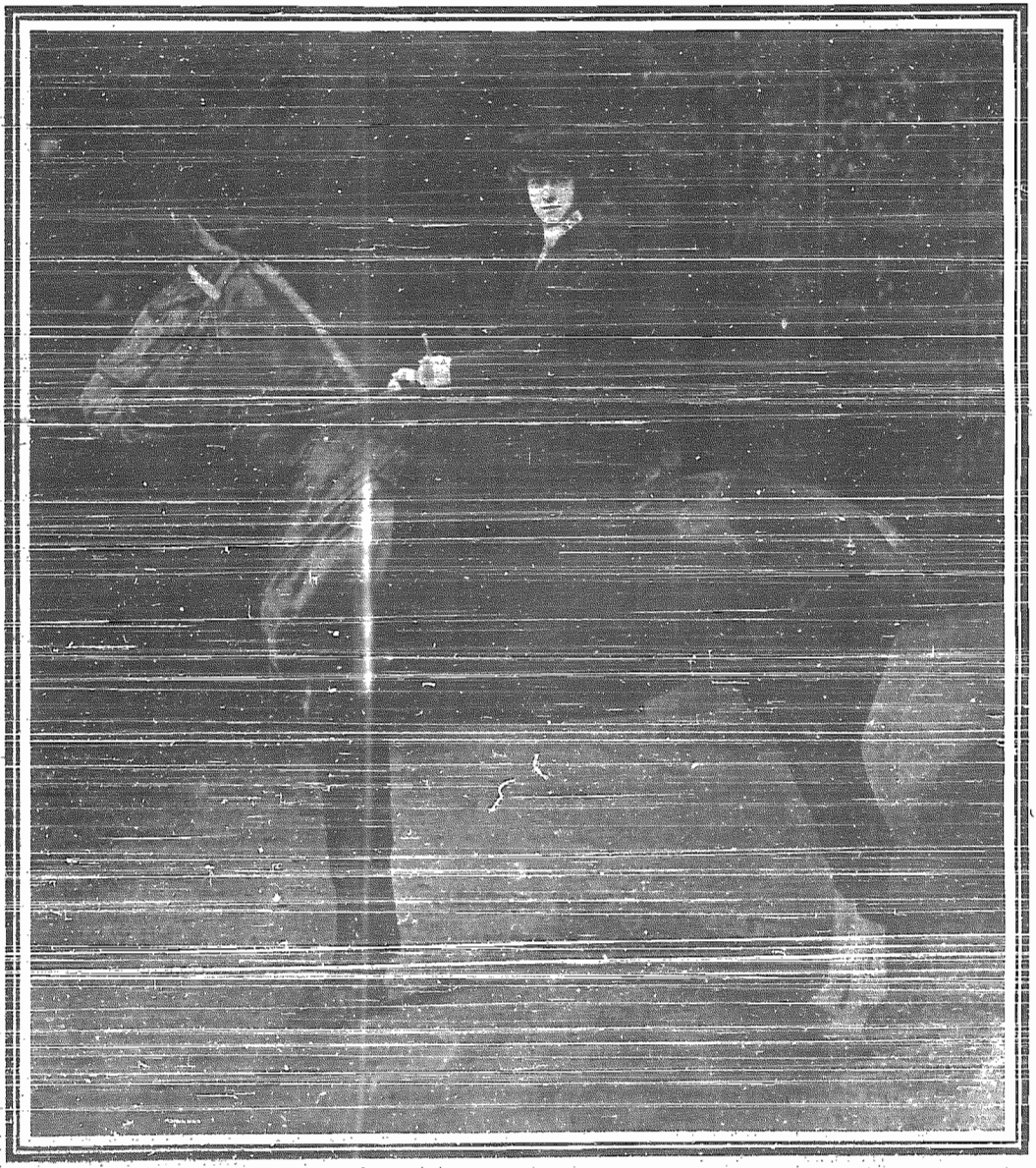

Commissioner Eva Booth Off to the Children's Fresh Air Camp, Oakville.

Nursery Notes.

Never put rubber on a baby.

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Bottle fed babies require three times as much care as others.

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Bibs for a boy may be made out of old soft napkins and tablecloths.

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A sick child should never occupy an inside room. Fresh air is a prime necessity.

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Never experiment with a child's health. Consult some reliable physician regarding the trouble.

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Never rock a baby; never trot a baby; never wake it except to feed it; allow no one to kiss it, especially on the mouth.

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Do not train a child as you frequently see a man train a horse, by letting anger and punishment be the first announcement that he has erred.

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Habits are formed with such surprising quickness that great discretion should be exercised over everything that is done. A baby will cry for such dissipations, such as rocking and trotting, if once indulged in them.

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A covered medicine spoon is a useful possession in the house where there are children. It is of china, open at the tip, which is inserted between the lips and the spoon raised, so that the contents must run into the mouth.

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Children want freedom for movement in every possible direction. They want to exercise their muscles even more than their brains, and they never will be staid and silent unless they are ill. Clothing should be equally loose all over the body. The fewer and lighter the garments the better, provided they are sufficiently warm.

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There is a common opinion, in no way corroborated by facts, that children do not feel the cold, and that exposure tends to harden them. By exposure many children get an attack of bronchitis, and even if they recover, all their lives long they are liable to a second attack, in consequence of the weakness left by the first.

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Baby's Eyes.—The eyes often are injured in infancy by being exposed to too much light. The child should not be held, or allowed to sleep with the light from the window, lamp, or gas shining upon its face. The old-fashioned cradle, with its hood, was far more sensible than the modern cribs and bassinettes, that afford no protection from either glare or draught.

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Children's Beds.—The bedding for children's cribs should be soft and warm, and the covering as light as it can be, consistent with the requisite warmth during the cold seasons. After the first year a horse-hair, or a good flock mattress is better for children than feather beds, unless in cases of delicate, thin children, whose feeble circulation seems to stand in need of more indulgence in warmth than the more robust.

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Don't talk of a child's peculiarities before it; never let it hear its beauty or ugliness spoken of. The greatest charm of childhood is its forgetfulness of itself.

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A child should never go to bed dirty, the whole body should be washed every day. Young children should be washed after breakfast, and other one before that meal. Care should be taken lest the child catches cold whilst being dried. Special care should be taken to use only the best and purest soap for children.

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Children should never be frightened by references to ghosts, stories, or goblins, etc. They have such a small amount of reasoning power, and are so susceptible to fear and fright, that if such stories are told to them they suffer acutely during the hours of darkness and quiet.

Heroes of the Cross.

HENRY MARTYN.

In the year 1812 a lone traveller, passing through Eastern Asia Minor, died at Tokat. His dragoman ever did not know his full name, but wrote on something like it upon a rude slab, and went his way. The grave was soon covered by the sand from a mountain stream. They who buried him thought of him only as one of the millions who every year fall into forgotten graves. But this man was missed. Through but thirty-one years of age, he had struck the chord of heroic appreciation in England and America as almost no other man had. A statesman said: "His name is the one heroic name which adorns the annals of the English Church from the days of Elizabeth to our own." His grave was sought; his body removed to a more public spot; a handsome monument reared, and inscribed with his praise in four different languages. Lord Macaulay, with fine appreciation of the truly great in character coming from familiarity with the heroes of all ages, who thrills us with his lines on Horatius and Henry of Navarre, was affected to reverence by the story of this young man's life, and wrote this epitaph:

"Here Martyn lies! In manhood's early bloom
The Christian hero found a pagan tomb;
Religion, sorrowing o'er her favorite son,
Points to the glorious trophies which he won.
Eternal trophies, not with slaughter red,
Nor stained with tears by hopeless captives shed,
But trophies of the cross. For that dear name
Through every form of danger, death, and shame,
Onward he journeyed to a happier shore,
Where danger, death, and shame are known no more."

Henry Martyn was born in Cornwall, England, in 1781. At sixteen he entered Cambridge University. He was intensely ambitious, and was settled because at the early examinations he took only the second position. But at twenty he graduated as Senior Wrangler, with the first honor.

He could, however, apply his mind better than control his passionate nature. Angered one day

He Threw a Large Knife at a Comrade,

who dodged, it, and let it stick quivering in the wall, instead of in the intended victim's heart. He was self-willed, even to obstinacy and sullenness to his father. No natural point was he.

His after sullenness was not due to development, but total change, point blank conversion. Its occasion was the death of his father, and the thought that it was now too late to ask from those cold lips forgiveness for his undutiful conduct. He could only go to God for it. But, having once come before that throne, and felt upon his soul the shadow of God's condemnation for sin, all his pride was crushed; having felt the light of God's pardon reconciled, his soul was ever after filled with gratitude and love. From that time Martyn was another man. That strong willfulness became strong willingness, as he gave his whole being up to his Redeemer. He was ambitious still, but he had now an aim, even Christ. His favorite text was, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not, saith the Lord." So thoroughly did he belong to Christ that

Selfish Honors no Longer Pleased

him. When he graduated first in his class, he wrote: "I obtained my highest wishes, but was surprised to find I had grasped a shadow." His energy was not increased, rather intensified, by having higher appeals, those of conscience and service, added to natural desire, and his faculties were renewed by his communion with the Holy Spirit. Yet he was not without tremendous temptations from his old ambition. For a while he proposed to study law, "chiefly," he says, "because I could not consent to be poor for Christ's sake." But he did not know his newer self when he thought that way, and when the moment of decision came, he turned his back upon all prospects of secular gain, and sought the ministry.

In 1805 Henry Martyn sailed for India. Nine months were consumed in the journey, which took him across to South America, and then around the Cape of Good Hope.

Arriving in Calcutta he was

Felled by Fever,

and his weakened body became a source of discouragement, overcome only by his deathless devotion. The horrid rites of widow burning and devil worship were then practised. He said he "shivered as standing in the neighborhood of hell." English friends urged his remaining at Calcutta, where he would meet with countrymen, and could preach as much as he wished without danger, receiving a salary as army chaplain. But Martyn determined to go to the heathen beyond, to whom others would not go.

For weeks he pushed his way, in a little boat, up the Ganges, during the day translating Scripture into Bengalee by the aid of his boatman, at night talking of Christ to the natives on shore. Passing into new province, he found new dialects to be mastered. His rare scholarly habit and genius came to his help. At Dinapore we find this in his diary of a day: "Morning in Sanscrit; afternoon, Bahar dialect; continued late at night writing on parables in Bengalee. The wickedness and cruelty of wasting a moment, when so many nations are waiting till I do my work." He finds that he has use for Arabic, too, in dealing with Mohammedans, and, therefore, masters that tongue. Then the Persian language is studied. The man seems to have been a mingling of Max Muller and Livingstone.

Through the glaring sun he

Traversed the Sandy Plains of the Ganges

hundreds of miles to Cawnpore, fainting, fevered, with a terrible disease developing in his chest. He preached statedly to the soldiers in the barracks, and at times the poor natives would gather by the thousand in front of his door to receive his alms and hear his addresses. A strange fascination went out from his person to all who came in contact with him. A fellow-English Christian, speaking of Martyn's ill health, said: "If I could make you live longer I would give up any child I have, and myself into the bargain."

Physical nature could not endure the strain of that intense spirit, and Martyn's condition necessitated his return to England. But he was not quite satisfied with the correctness of his Persian translation of the New Testament, and therefore proposed to put in an intermediate journey to Persia to perfect it. Pale, emaciated, too weak to speak except in a low voice, he seemed to live only by force of soul. They beheld him "standing on the verge of another world, and ready to take his flight," rather than able to endure another earthly journey.

His thirteen birthdays found him

En Route for Persia.

In his journal he says: "I am now at the age when the Saviour of men began his ministry—when John the baptist called a nation to repentance. Let me now think of myself and act with gravity. Hitherto I have made my youth and insignificance an excuse for sloth and impotency; now let me have a character and act for God."

(To be continued.)

What God sends down depends a good deal on what he will give up.

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We are commanded to rejoice in one another as well as in ourselves.

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The analysis that destroys is too high a price to pay for our knowledge.

The Greatness of Little Things.

Out of the seed the tree grows; out of the choice the character; out of such little faith as ours the glory of the life with Christ! For the moment takes hold upon the ways of God, and by choice our heart's direction is determined, and faith in the unseen which admits the quickening power of the eternal life.

It is easier to recognize destructive than constructive power in little things. Destruction comes suddenly. A foot of wire across the track may put out the lights of a whole city. There are poisons so virulent that

A Drop Destroys Man's Life.

The tongue is a little member, yet who has not tasted of its bitterness? But good fruits are often long growing, and we forget the worth of far-away beginnings.

Christ deals with positive and constructive little to gain his large results. It is life He gives little at first, but with infinite capacity for growth. It is by little touches, like the pressure of the pilot's hand upon the wheel, that His Spirit keeps us in the heavenward course. By opening

Little Doors of Opportunity

He lends us on to helpful service.

Business success depends upon the recognition of the constructive as well as the destructive power of little things. It admits no leaks of energy. It builds great fortunes out of waste material. It calculates the working power of its machinery, and learns how to use it to the full. It is useless to multiply agencies while those we have are only half-applied. The church must learn to make

Full Use of its Machinery.

Its leaders must study details and watch for leaks of energy and improve opportunities of work and invest Christ's time and money to the best advantage.

Are there neglected little in our church life? Here we adjusted every worker to his fitting task? Do we burden pastors with work which others need for their own sakes, as well as for the general profit of the church? Do we use our fund of willing help in the congregation to the best advantage?

Have We Forgotten Any Link

in the chain of life which God has given us in trust for training?

The parables are explicit. Christ taught over and over again the duty of improving and investing for His gain and ours. It is not likely that we shall bury talents deliberately, but it is easy to neglect or overlook them, and carelessness is never so costly as in work for God. A little encouragement may be the seed of a great help. A little neglect may be the letting out of waters which will grow to a flood and sweep much good away.

The Congregationalist.

"THAT HAT!"

Twenty-two years ago Bradier Jack Addie left Jarrow for Canada, and as the world now knows he pioneered Salvation Army work in that country. A few weeks after he conducted a meeting in the old town, and in the same old barracks in which he was saved, and surrounded by many old soldiers who had served with him in the early days. He gave God glory for all the way in which he had been led. It was a joyous occasion. When the Bradier was ashore from the steamer and was passing his trunks through the Customs, he was asked the usual formula:

"Any tobacco, spirits, tea, or dutiable goods?"

"Look at that hat, mon," said he in reply to the Customs official, as he pointed to his Army cap and his red band. "Look at that hat! What do you think?"

"Oh, I beg pardon, said the official," as he quickly chalked the baggage, "I didn't notice."

And to the amazement of those standing by, the Salvationist was passed without further delay, a great tribute to the Army and its uniform.—English Cry.

Was She Stolen?

AN INCIDENT FROM THE WEST INDIAN WAR.

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth. . . I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother. . . And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."—Mark x. 34, 35, 36.

ETHEL HENRY and her sister, Beatrice, were no better and no worse than thousands of others are in this sunny clime, who believe that the respectable thing to do is to join some place of worship, merely to become what they often term "a member of society." They had brothers and sisters, but none of the family professed conversion, save, perhaps, the mother, who, on being questioned, said she had been converted in a mission service some years ago; but she seldom spoke of it.

They all "liked" the Army to a certain extent. Indeed, one sister had given a shilling towards our Self-Denial. They were glad, they said, to hear, through their minister, of the good work that was being done among the lowest classes of people in the English cities, etc., and thought that, with European officers in command, who would curb the emotions of "our people," that good might be done even in the West Indies—especially among those who never attended any church.

Mrs. Henry and her children—who are all grown up—came to live in a house exactly opposite our Kingston III. (Jamaica) barracks, a few months ago. So that they could sit in their home and hear all the songs sung, and some of the testimonies given, save when the street-girls outside were somewhat noisy.

Ethel Henry, Jamaica.

This, perhaps, prompted them to visit us occasionally, and to be somewhat impressed with all they heard and saw.

"I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before," said the mother to one of our officers who visited her, "but your voice is already familiar to me."

We were having soul-saving times. Big sinners, and little ones, too, were being converted at nearly every meeting, until we had quite a host of "preachers," whose heart-felt words reached the hearts of others.

One Monday night Ethel and Beatrice came over and listened to the testimonies of the nine men, women, and children, who had been converted the night before. And while they listened their faces became a study for those sitting on the platform. Their theology—what they had of it—was evidently at a discount. When a little child told how, although young in age, she was old in sin, and on her way to hell, when God spoke to her, their condemnation increased. As we went into the prayer meeting Ethel Henry was the first to volunteer for the penitent form, where she confessed that she was a sinner, and asked for and obtained pardon. She was followed by six others, including her younger sister Beatrice. They were dealt with faithfully at the mercy seat. None of your patching-up, signing a paper, or make-believe business, but a repenting of sin, and a passing from death unto life!

As a consequence we were somewhat late; in fact, it was 9.15, and most of the Christians who live around our barracks object to us going on to 9.30, although they have no objection to a dance, concert, or entertainment being conducted all night.

"We have no time to-night for these dear ones to testify," said the leader of the meeting. But after the doxology was sung, Ethel stepped on the platform and said, "I am glad to-night that salvation has come to my heart, and that, for the first time in my life, I can say that I know I am saved. I have received the witness of the Spirit within that tells me my sins are forgiven, and that my name is now written in the Lamb's Book of Life. I cannot express the joy I feel, or tell you of the peace that fills my heart. Christ, the light of the world, has come into my heart to dwell, and I cannot do less than give myself to Him for the salvation of the many souls who are perishing, and know it, and also for those who are perishing and do not know it—of whom I was one."

Beatrice also testified, and so did each of the others. It was again a night of victory, and the Holy Ghost was one of the last to leave the hall.

But, strange to say, Ethel's mother was not glad to hear what God had done for her two daughters.

"You should have got converted in your own church, my child," was what she said, or words to this effect.

For three or four nights these two sisters attended the meetings, and testified boldly. People believed in their evident sincerity, and listened to their every word. This, of course, upset the devil, so he tried to put a stop to their coming, as the following letter will explain.

"Dear Adjutant,—I have to thank you for the joy and peace that has filled my heart since the night I came to the penitent form. What rapture! What happiness! Are there any words to express it? Must we sit still and keep our mouths shut in the presence of God? Can we not shout out our joy, and compel others to do the same, until the whole of Allman Town rings with the praises of our King? You were God's messenger of peace, joy, and holiness. Had I not trusted, and believed what you say, would all this be mine—the blessed assurance that Jesus is my Friend, to lead me in the paths of righteousness, and to keep me in all the trials, distresses, and torments that do, I know, assail the children of God? It was an easy living for us as a family all the while, for we were worldly Christians, but now the Scripture is fulfilled, and a division has come among us. The others jeer and laugh at what we do and say. They fear we may become Salvationists, and say it were better for us to die first. They have torn up the papers you gave us to read, together with the picture of Christ bearing the cross. But this only makes us stronger and more determined to 'fight to the end of the fight,' as the motto on your envelope said. They have forbidden us to go to the meetings. They say we will surely go to the bad if we do, and that our first duty to God is to obey our mother. Alas! she is influenced by those unconverted, worldly brothers of mine! They have tried to separate Beatrice and I, but God has called us both, and so they only fail. At one time they will coax, then they will threaten, and then they will beat us, who have never received a blow since we were children. However, we are not going to confer with flesh and blood. Pray for us continually, that grace may be given us so that we may be able to stand this fiery trial."

Then came the Sunday night's meeting, and with it somewhat of a "scene."

Just as the meeting commenced Ethel came across, but said that her brothers had threatened to come into the meeting and drag her out.

"They can't do it," said our doorkeeper, "for you are of age, and we will protect you against them."

The first song had hardly been sung before a bearer rushed across, saying that Mrs. Henry had fallen down in a faint, that a doctor had been hurriedly sent for, and that Ethel must come at once. So she went, so as to avoid the appearance of evil, but we afterwards learnt that both she and Beatrice had to lock themselves in the bath-room to escape being beaten by her relatives, who endeavored to force open the door with a crow-bar.

"If your mother dies you will have murdered her," said one.

A few days later we received a letter from Beatrice. She said:

"Mine is a heart that is oppressed with doubts and fears of myself; fears of my making a fatal mistake through doubts that have been raised in me by my own people. But I feel that all has been cause by my listening to the voice of the tempter, and being prevented from attending your meetings. They took the opportunity of the absence of my good angel (Ethel) knowing that I am weaker than she, to raise such doubts as I will mention. I was fended and told that we could not be spared to leave them, as they were too fond of us to allow that. That we would rue the day we turned our backs upon home, mother, brothers, and friends, to go away among strangers, as we must do if we became Salvationists. They tell me we can serve God in the church, where there is abundant work to be done. That there need be no separation in a family that until recent days was so united. My mother told me of a dream she had during her illness. She saw two plants that she had carefully tended and brought up; while admiring them, they were suddenly broken down and destroyed. She says, moreover, that had it been God's will that we should be Salvationists, so much confusion would not have taken place.

"These doubts are very strong for such a young convert as I am to withstand, so I have sought your advice, not forgetting to take it to the Lord in prayer, as I have been somewhat puzzled. We would have come around to your home, but would be followed by those who might be rude to you.

"It is past mid-night. We can only write when they are asleep. I trust my next letter will be of a more encouraging and victorious character."

Mrs. Henry's illness did not last long, and as her two daughters—the converted ones—sought to please God rather than woman, they attended the meetings again, and testified as before.

Then they were again absent on account of some of their other relatives, who had been sent for, having arrived on the scene of hostilities to prevent their coming. It was a Sunday. They could not come to the Army as they wished, so would go to church. The others would and could not go to church for fear the two culprits (?) would come to the Army. So that Mrs. Henry's house became like a small garrisoned town!

The next morning a sister, who lives next door, forwarded the following note:

"Dear Adjutant,—Just a few lines, knowing that you would like to hear from us. We are still fighting the battle which is raging hotly, but by God's help we do believe we will conquer. They are gathering fresh forces against us, and are trying their level best to turn our hearts from the will of God. We have heard through a friend that I (Ethel) will be sent away into the country. We do not know where. We hope to find out. Should I know even a few hours before my departure, will you not help me? Do not let them conquer, for it may mean my doom. If I am not allowed to serve God as how I should I will go back to that sleepy, luke-warm Christian-like manner. I mean to work for God. I am quite aware of the hardships I must meet with. I have summed up all and counted the cost, and even through you have seen the insults, the trials, the temptations, I must endure. But He who has enabled you to overcome will surely lead me too, if I ask Him with all my heart, soul, and strength.

"God has called us to go forth without the camp, bearing His reproach, and by His help we mean to obey Him.—Ethel and Beatrice."

Could they force Ethel to go away to the country against her wishes? That was the question. She had asked our help, and even if she had not, would still have desired it. Wishing to be on the right side, we consulted a lawyer who told us that, as she was 22 years of age, they could not force her against her will. "They are going back further than Magna Charter," said our legal friend.

The letter which conveyed this information to Miss Henry's eldest brother was probably what upset their plans, and forced them to abandon their project.

"Since Ethel and Beatrice can be so undutiful to their mother, and have decided to serve strangers rather than those who brought them up, we have decided to allow them to be Salvationists, or anything else they wish to be; but the day they leave this house is the last day we shall ever have anything to do with them in this world, and, as we are not Salvationists, perhaps in eternity. As the Lord liveth, the day they leave home I vow sacred hatred to the Salvation Army in mind, strength, brain, and energy."

This was what the brother wrote, and was, of course, satisfactory enough.

So both the sisters have attended the meetings ever since. They testify brightly, have signed the Articles of War, and are ready to be sworn in under the Army flag. More than that, Ethel has already become a soul-winner. Through the persistent manner in which she "flashes" for souls in the prayer meetings, three or four men and women have surrendered to God, who might not otherwise have done so, and they are now living monuments to His power to save.

"I have drunk of the new wine of the Kingdom," says she, "and have burst the old bottles that sought to confine me."

And now we would close as we begun, by asking the question, "Was she stolen?"—Adjt. Phillips, Jamaica.

TWO CLASSES OF CONVERSERS.

Around and above all other distinctions, there are two great classes of conversers: those who make you feel that you are of some account in the world, and those who have a subtle way of convincing you that you have no right to exist. The latter class is small in number; but what they lack in quantity they make up in sting. Sometimes they are gifted with a sharp tongue and unerring faculty of saying the most grinding things. Sometimes they are apparently suave and considerate in manner and phrase. But in either case you go away from them with a feeling that the world is stuffed with sawdust—that you yourself are an imbecile and an impostor. It may take days for you to recover your proper standing with yourself. Then, if you ask yourself what fatal gift has the tormentor, which carries with it this power of making his fellow-mortals miserable, you discover that it is the gift of selfishness. The person to whom you have been talking is ungenerous. A generous man, a generous woman!—you cannot come near such a one without receiving something that makes amends for your own disappointment—with your own ill-opinion of yourself. An ungenerous person adds the weight of another to your side of the scales, and down you go.—Scribner.

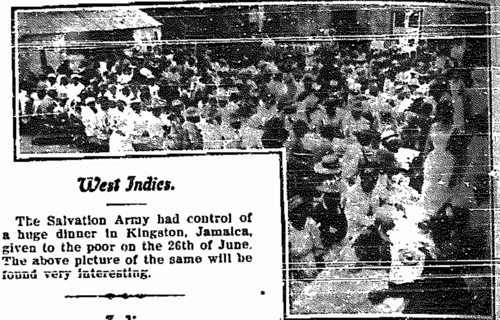
"PRESS HARD ON DAT POINT, BRUDDER!"

The following prayer was heard from the lips of a colored minister at Philadelphia:

"O Lord, Thou knowest dat dis be a well-dressed congregation; help 'em to remember dat when de offerings ob de Lord are made. O Lord, bless de official bredren. Sometimes at deir official meetin' dey fall out and dey quarrel. And, Lord, before dey take dese emblems dis afternoon, Lord, dey need re-converting. Come down and do it, Lord."

At this stage, one big, black brother, not one of the "official bredren," cried out, "Amen! Amen! Press hard on dat point, brudder; press hard dere!"

And the pastor went on: "Lord, go up into de choir and convert de organist."



Great Britain.

A remarkable conversion has taken place at Liverpool III. We quote from the English Cry:

"The salvation break commenced a week ago, in connection, really, with the Juniors' Anniversary.

"This event resulted in greatly increased congregations, and at the Sunday night's meeting a man and his wife got converted. The husband had not been in a place of worship for years, and the wife was a terrible drunkard. All their children are now coming to the Juniors' meetings, and the family altar has been erected in the home—a home transformed from a little hell to a heaven on earth.

"During the following week-end, another husband, wife, and daughter—all well-known drunkards—also got saved: and the conversion of a woman, known in the district as 'Mad Mary,' which took place the other night, has aroused the neighborhood.

"When it got noised outside the barracks that 'Mad Mary' was at the penitent form, the street became thronged with an interested crowd, to the number of 500, who escorted the convert home. The officers, Red-Hot John, the bandsmen, the Locals, and the soldiers are all taking an active part in visiting these converts, and helping them to go on in the fight for God. The whole corps has been shaken up. Other conversions are taking place."

When the results come to be carefully compared with previous tours, it will be found, we believe, that the General's continental campaign, now drawing to a close, has been by far the most important he has ever led. The tide of blessing rose in Sweden from the hour of the first meeting at Sodertelge, up to the last "God bless you!" given the General as he moved out of Stockholm to Christiania. Colonel Lawley writes that the officers' councils have been very wonderful. The General continues to display amazing powers of endurance, and our readers will pray that on the journey back to London he may be induced to take a little rest. He is booked for a big field day in Holland on the 23rd.

Commissioner Howard landed from his continental trip early on Sunday morning. He is enthusiastic over the councils and meetings, and left the General in good health and spirits.

Mr. Slade's collecting dog, "Jack," has collected no less that £2 13s. recently, which sum has been forwarded to the Army's Indian Orphan Fund. Nearly one-half this amount was gathered by this clever dog on the journey to London.

United States.

A week ago 189,800 pounds of ice had been supplied in penny pieces to 11,031 families in New York City this summer.

In West Superior, U.S.A., recently a man was brought to see his sins and to seek the Saviour by the singing of a Junior lassie in the open-air. The man was a terrible drunkard, and the song the little one sang included the pathetic words, "Don't sell him another drink, please."

The Consul did a big thing at Asbury Park on Sunday last. The Educational Hall, seating 1,200 persons, was filled with most appreciative audiences, in spite of the intense heat; the financial outcome also was quite gratifying.

The farewell of Brigadier Blanche Cox has been cancelled.

Major Geo. Wood, who is farewelling from the Sandwich Islands, gives the following interesting particulars regarding the work in that land, in the U. S. Cry:

"In reviewing the past two years and a half we see much to thank God for, even if we did not accomplish all we had hoped. Some 1,450 persons, of all ages, nationalities, and conditions, knelt at our penitent forms seeking salvation and a clean heart; out of these we are able to more than double our Senior Soldiers' Roll, secure fourteen candidates for the work, and double the number of officers. No new corps were opened, but those already in operation were largely extended, so that the number of open-airs has increased from twenty-five to thirty-one, and the attendance at these has gone up from 164 to 203. The indoor attendance also rose from 970 to 1,410. The circulation of our publications nearly trebled, from 929 to 2,642, being divided up as follows: American 665 to 1,425; Japanese, 50 to 675; German 22 to 58; Spanish, none to 30; Young Soldier, 192 to 444.

"The work amongst the children shows most encouraging advance. The number of Junior meetings held weekly going from 6 to 22; Junior Soldiers, 4 to 26; Companies, 8 to 31; total attendance, 118 to 663; Band of Love members, none to 38; Corps-Cadets, none to 9.

"On material lines we have seen ground secured and a hall and quarters erected at Kauai, for the Headquarters of the Kohn Circuit. The Rescue Work has been inaugurated and a splendid Home opened in Honolulu, while a certain prominent financier has now under consideration the erecting of a hall and Shelter for our use in the city. When we arrived our rough-riders were traveling with borrowed horses, while now the Army owns seven horses of its own, with good brakes, harness, etc.

"In these results we have to thank, under God, our comrades the officers and soldiers who, by their hard and faithful toil, have brought them about, and our friends, who, by their sympathy and practical help have made them possible. The term spent here has been one of the most blessed in all our experience. It will be long before we shall forget the sight of those familiar faces grouped on the wharf, and the sounds of the sweet strains of "God be with you till we meet again" that floated to us as the Sonoma' pulled out. God bless the islands and their peoples is our prayer."

Holland.

Commissioner Cosandey, of Holland and Belgium, has now mastered the Dutch language. The officers were delighted when he spoke to them in some recent councils, without the aid of an interpreter.

Three special meetings were conducted by Commissioner Cosandey in a Beer Garden at Rotterdam, which was hired for the day. Over one thousand persons attended the evening meeting, and thirteen sinners knelt at the cross.

Holland's Commissioner (Cosandey) has been visiting several centres of the Army's work in his Territory. Notwithstanding the hot weather good crowds attended his meetings, and souls were saved. At Enschede, a factory centre in which we have a go-ahead corps, two souls sought salvation. During the recent strike our soldiers here manifested a beautiful spirit, and, without exception, behaved as good Salvationists. They kept the flag flying, and meetings were held all through the troublous period.

The bitterest rod may drive to the sweetest comfort.

West Indies.

The Salvation Army had control of a huge dinner in Kingston, Jamaica, given to the poor on the 26th of June. The above picture of the same will be found very interesting.

India.

That the results of the excessive drinking are the same all the world over is shown by some statistics of lunacy in India, which were published last year. Of the 1,300 lunatics admitted into asylums during the year 1899, 177 were Christians (of whom 129 were Europeans and Eurasians), 810 Hindus, and 330 Mohammedans. Bearing in mind the fact that the Christians and Europeans are less than one in a hundred of the population, and that the rest of the community are mainly total abstainers, these figures are painfully significant.

It is a great relief to learn that, so far as the best weather observations indicate, there is not likely to be—as at one time was feared—any general or widespread failure of rain in India this year. A certain degree of deficiency, with its consequent scarcity, may be expected over the whole country, but only in one district is there likely to be severe drought, and, therefore, famine. Unfortunately, that district is one in which we are deeply interested, and which has suffered so much from famine during recent years—Gujerat. Then, say the authorities, "In ill-starred Gujerat, the worst is unfortunately to be apprehended, and the Government is warned to prepare for a severe famine." Under these circumstances it seems all but certain that we also must at once make preparations for keeping as many as possible of our people alive by forwarding timely help, and that before things reach the worst stage.

Australasia

Major and Mrs. Evans, who have rendered splendid service in various parts of the Commonwealth and New Zealand, are about to return to the Old Country, to which they have been transferred. They are traveling from Maoriland, and in due course will be sailing on or about July 14th.

Commissioner Howard is to visit the Territory as the General's representative. He is expected to arrive there early in September. The greatest delight is manifested on all sides.

Commissioner Howard took command of Australia and New Zealand in the early stages of Salvation war in Australasia. His work was deep and thorough, on holiness and revival lines, and many comrades and friends in New Zealand remember him with much affection.

The following is a very interesting report concerning Australasia:

Whether one looks at Queensland, South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, Tasmania, or New Zealand, God seems to be graciously blessing the efforts of the officers, and the work of salvation is progressing. Here twenty, there ten, elsewhere five, or three, or one—apparently in every corps, small or great, souls are, thank God, being saved.

The Social Work continues to make rapid advance. There are at present no less than sixty Social Institutions in the Colonies, and the following statistics will convey some idea of the immense work carried on by the Army: Homes for Men, 16; for women, 32; for Boys and Girls, 12; total accommodation per night, 2,671; number of Women and Girls Annually Passed through Homes, 1,170; total Men through Prison Gate Homes, 777; Beds supplied in One Year, 781,011; Meals, 2,114,423. A preventive story, typical of many others, will convey some idea of the character of this Social Work, and the beneficent results secured by the labors of our devoted Social Officers:—

"What are you doing here?" said an officer to a child of some fourteen years, standing on the step of the Shelter entrance late one evening, talking to a man of an evil countenance.

"She is my sister," said the man; "I am going to get lodgings for her. She wants her basket that she left in care of one of the Shelter women this afternoon."

"Come in and get your basket," said the officer, drawing her inside the public entrance, and then into an adjoining sitting-room. In a few moments the girl told her story. She had left her place, and did not want to go home to her mother. This man had met her, and said he would get her a place to lodge. He had tried several places, and was refused. "He told me to say I was his sister," she said; "I would rather stay with you to-night."

"I demand that you give her up," said the man, still waiting at the door, after his intended victim had been handed over to the kind officer on night duty and taken to her room for the night. "She is my sister, and I shall not go away without her," he said, threateningly, but catching sight of a constable on his beat he quickly changed his mind and decamped.

South Africa.

The recent cold weather has brought extra crowds to the Cape Town Metropole seeking shelter. One morning recently, Table Mountain was capped with a beautiful mantle of snow. It is a long time since Capetonians saw such a sight.

The permit regulations of South Africa, for railway traveling, will soon be a thing of the past. All restriction for traveling to corps in the Western Division have been raised. For this our comrades are heartily glad, although it must be admitted that the Permit Officers of Cape Town have always been very friendly and considerate to Salvationists.

Apropos of the Martial Law Regulations which prevail in Cape Town a somewhat amusing incident occurred last week. In the ordinary course of business our Shipping Agents received an Invoice from our London Trade Headquarters, and to their great consternation there appeared amongst sundry books and other articles in clear type, "20,000 Cartridges." This was awful! Above all folks in the world, what could the Salvation Army be introducing ammunition for? The telephone was soon in requisition, and the agents anxiously informed the Commissioner that the Martial Law regulations forbade the introduction of ammunition. What were they to do? After a hearty laugh at the expense of the innocence of the agents, the Commissioner informed them that the said cartridges represented nothing more formidable than small envelopes in which our soldiers put their weekly contributions to the corps funds.

The Way of the WORLD

Canada.

The Toronto firemen's fund is now over $50,000.

W. L. Woods, the much-sought-after check swindler, was arrested in Toronto.

The Trappist Monastery, at Oka, Quebec, was destroyed by fire. The loss is $150,000 to $200,000.

Col. Dent states that he has spent over a million and a half dollars for re-mounts in Canada.

Much damage by lightning is reported from several Ontario points. At London two churches were struck, a big sawmill was burned at Mattawa, and several barns in different parts of the country. At Smithville hail threshed out the grain and destroyed the fruit.

An important strike of gas and oil is reported in Romney Township.

Dr. Horsey, M.P. for North Grey, was struck by a piece of a flywheel, which burst at the Sun Portland Cement Works, Owen Sound, and received injuries causing death within a few hours.

The Peary steamer, Windward, sailed from Sydney in search of Lieut. Peary.

Fire in McLean's hardware store, at London, Ont., destroyed about $10,000 worth of property.

Lord Dundonald, the new General Officer Commanding the Canadian militia, was given a hearty welcome at Ottawa.

By a fire which broke out, the lighting system of Montreal was partially paralyzed, and damage to the amount of $3,000 was done to the station on Queen Street of the Royal Electric Company. The switchboards, the floor, and a portion of the plant were destroyed. The fire is supposed to have been caused by the crossing of wires.

Manitoba Government intervention has no effect on the Canadian Northern strike.

Miss Etta Beatty, of Parry Sound, and Mr. Frank Cross were drowned at Two-mile Narrows, the latter while attempting to rescue the young lady.

The monument at Ottawa for the soldiers who fell in South Africa will be unveiled on Aug. 11th, on which day that city will also celebrate the coronation.

The annual statement of the C.P.R. shows gross earnings for twelve months, up to June 30th, of $37,503,054, working expenses $23,417,142, net profits $14,085,912, an increase of net profits over 1901 of $1,976,537.

British.

Nearly one hundred British warships will take part in the Coronation review off Spithead, August 11.

Cecil, London, Ont., Rescue Home.

Mr. Chamberlain announced that those not of South African birth who fought against the British in that country will not be allowed to return to that country.

A new Anglo-American association for the benefit of British and United States tourists has been formed.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy announces that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company have tendered for a fast Atlantic steamship service between Canadian ports and Great Britain.

The Methodists have secured the Royal Aquarium Theatre property facing Westminster Abbey, upon which they will build a great hall, which is to be called the Central Headquarters of Universal Methodism.

Generals Botha and Delarey, with their secretaries, left Pretoria, for Cape Town, en route for Europe. General DeWet will accompany them in their journey to the coast. The date of their return from Europe has not been definitely fixed.

Reports that Mr. Chamberlain is seriously ill are authoritatively denied. He is able to attend to his duties at the Colonial Office.

The latest bulletin issued by his physicians says that the King is making satisfactory progress. In London, however, it is persistently announced that the coronation will be again postponed.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

Children's Group and Nursery, Redemption Home, Ottawa.

America.

During forty-eight hours 150 fresh cases of cholera were reported in Manila.

Four American teachers were murdered by Filipinos.

Chief of Police Wilmot, of Elkins, W. Va., was murdered, making the third head of the department slain within one year.

An American officer was fined $50 and suspended for one month for allowing "water cure" to be administered to Filipinos.

The estimated losses of the anthracite coal strike are placed at $56,-435,000.

The United States is importing 6,000 to 8,000 tons of iron and steel daily.

The soft coal miners in Illinois have forwarded a second contribution of $50,000 to aid the striking miners in Pennsylvania.

A statue of Robert Burns will be erected in Chicago.

One of the most appalling wrecks in the history of the Pennsylvania Railroad occurred at Indianapolis, when the limited, from St. Louis to New York, with a heavy train, consisting of an engine, two mail cars, day coach and four Pullman sleepers, while running seventy miles an hour, dashed into a wild flat car, loaded with coal, coming down grade towards it at a rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The result was terrible with loss of life and property.

International

Cholera is raging at Mukden, Manchuria. There were 757 cases between July 3 and July 14, and 81 Russians and 363 Chinese died from the disease.

St. Petersburg despatches say that Britain, Japan, and Korea have concluded an agreement to maintain the independence of the latter country.

Further earthquake shocks at Kingston, Island of St. Vincent, damaged many buildings.

There were 38 deaths from cholera at Cairo, Egypt.

Japan is sending a warship to Marcus Island, of which she claims possession, to prevent the landing of a private expedition from the United States.

Earthquakes have occurred daily at Bunder-Abbas since July 9th. The inhabitants are camping on the beach, and there is great suffering on account of the abnormal heat. Other towns in the vicinity were damaged, and the old fortress of Ormuz was destroyed. The loss of life is believed to have been small.

Over three hundred persons have been arrested in France for participating in religious disturbances.

There has just been a terrific submarine volcanic eruption off Horta, Island of Fayal. A great rock, incandescent with heat, was thrown up. The people were panic-stricken.

Frequent earthquake shocks have been felt recently between Santander, capital of the province of that name, and the province of Asturias. The shocks were accompanied by subterranean noises.

General DeWet was the guest of honor at a banquet at Cape Town.

Earthquake shocks were experienced in California and South Dakota.

Deaths from cholera in Manchuria, from July 15 to July 23, numbered 106 Russians and 275 Chinese.

Over 12,000 members are in attendance at the triennial festival of German singing societies, opened at Graz.

CHINA, IN PARTICULAR.

Though the Army is at work in many of the countries of the world, there are still quite a number to be opened up, and when officers and money are forthcoming, and it is really possible for us to enter those fields, we shall no doubt do so. In some lands, although the Army is not "officially" at work, there are pioneers who are quietly doing their best for the salvation of souls.

The vast dominions of the Tzar of Russia, and the great Chinese Empire, may be mentioned among the large countries which so far remain "uninvaded" by the Army. I intend to refer to Russia on some future occasion, and will now say something concerning China.

This is, indeed, a great Empire,

S. A. Barracks, Hamilton, Bermuda.

containing, as it does, about one-fourth of the world's population. The great majority of its peoples never heard of the message of salvation.

A glance at the map will give you just a dim idea of what a tremendous area it covers. Some of the people live nearly two thousand miles from the coast line.

The language, ideas, and habits of the millions of China's inhabitants are much the same.

They lead simple, uneventful lives, employing their time on the land. If they work for wages they are content to work for sums ranging from three-halfpence to fivepence per day.

Christianity has scarcely touched the fringe of China. The chief religion is Confucianism, the leading idea of it being the worship of ancestors, which, of course, would not harmonize with the religion of Christ.

Young China is not at all favorably circumstanced as regards education. In fact, the majority, old and young, do not know how to read or write. You will not wonder at this when I tell you that the "system" is not alphabetic, but ideographic, each of its ten thousand symbols to be learned represent a separate idea.—English War Cry.

"IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT."

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with arrested glance,
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And often in the old, familiar way—
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So, I might rest forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow,
The way is lonely, let me feel them now;
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead.
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

Our Soldiers' Page

Daily Readings

"For thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord."—Jer. xxxi. 16.

SUNDAY. There is a well-known story of an old farmer who, on his death-bed, called his three sons around him to impart to them an important secret.

"My sons," he said to them, "a great treasure lies in the estate which I am about to leave to you." The old man gasped.

"Where is it hid?" exclaimed the sons in a breath.

"I am about to tell you," said the old man; "you will have to dig for it ——"

But his breath failed him before he could impart his weighty secret, and he died. Forthwith the sons set to work with spade and mattock upon the fields and turned up every sod and clod of ground upon the estate. They discovered no treasure, but their work was rewarded, for when the fields were sown and the harvest came, lo! the yield was prodigious, in consequence of the thorough tillage. Then it was that they understood that the treasure lay concealed in the estate itself, of which their wise old father had advised them. God helps those who help themselves.

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"I was wounded in the house of my friend."—Zech. xiii. 6.

MONDAY. Ingratitude is the nail which, when driven into the tree of courtesy causes it to wither; it is a broken channel by which the foundations of the affections are undermined; and a lump of soot which, falling into the dish of friendship, destroys its scent and flavour.

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"He shall deliver you from all your enemies."—Kings xvii. 39.

TUESDAY. Mohammed was forced to flee from Mecca, and went to Medina, where he was received with open arms. Previous to his quitting Mecca his house had been watched by a band of armed youths, who were commissioned to slay the reformer as soon as they could find an opportunity. Mohammed, however, contrived to escape, but on the way to Medina was hotly pursued by his enemies. He and his friend, Abu Beker, would probably have been hunted down had they not taken refuge in a cave on Mount Thor, the entrance to which was so narrow that it might readily be passed over. At one time the pursuers were close at hand, and Abu Beker quailed.

"We are but two," he said.

"Nay," answered Mohammed, "we are three, for God is with us."

It is a tender and beautiful legend that as soon as they had entered the cave a spider wove its web over the entrance, and the pursuers passed on fully assured that no one could recently have entered. Even so the Israelites were in sore straits under the new King of Egypt, but never for one moment were they without the protecting power of God.

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"I take pleasure in distresses for Christ's sake."—2 Cor. xii. 10.

WEDNESDAY. Jeremy Taylor, the great English divine had his house plundered, his worldly goods confiscated, and his family turned out of doors. This is what he wrote: "I am fallen into the hands of my enemies, and they have taken all from me. What then? Let me look about me. They have left me the sun and the moon, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me and some to relieve me; I can still discourse. They have not taken from me my cheerful spirit and a good conscience. They have still left me the providence of God, the promises of His Word, my religion, and my hope of heaven. He that has so many and great causes of joy is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness who loses all these pleasures and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns."

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"He prayed and gave thanks before His God."—Dan. vi. 10.

THURSDAY. A gentleman of large fortune, but a stranger to personal religion, was walking one evening in a remote part of his grounds. He happened to approach a mean-looking hut, where a poor working man lived with a large family. Hearing a voice loud and long-continued, he listened out of curiosity. It was a poor man praying aloud with his family. As soon as he could distinguish the words, he found that the man was giving thanks to God with great earnestness for His goodness in giving them food to eat, and clothes to wear, and everything needed for their bodily comfort. He was struck with astonishment, and said to himself, "Does this poor man, who has nothing but the plainest food to eat, the hardest work to do, and only this wretched hut to live in, give thanks to God for His goodness to himself and his family; and I, who enjoy ease and honor, and everything that is pleasant in life, have hardly ever bent my knee, or even made my acknowledgement to my Maker and Preserver!" This accidental overhearing of a poor man's prayer was the means, under God, of this rich man being brought under the influence of true religion.

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"He who loveth God, loves his brother also."—1 John iv. 21.

FRIDAY. A respectable merchant of London, having become embarrassed in his circumstances, and his misfortunes being one day the subject of conversation in the Royal Exchange, several persons expressed the great sympathy they felt for him; whereupon a Quaker who was present said, "I feel five hundred pounds for him, what do you feel?"

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"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."—Num. xxiii. 10.

SATURDAY. When Sir Henry Havelock lay dying, he said to his friend and fellow-soldier, Sir James Outram, "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." Joseph was a good son at home, a faithful servant to his master, a forgiving brother, and a righteous prince. His end was peace. "Having served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

Evolution of the Salvation Army

CANADA.—(Continued.)

More Battles and More Advances.

Magnificent as has been our victories in Canada, it must not be supposed that they have been gained without the usual desperate struggles and opposition. For example, when three Hallelujah lasses arrived in Owen Sound, where a building that would hold some one thousand five hundred people, had been hired, they were met at the railway station by about fifty young lads, who, with mouth-organs, Jew's harps, and other pieces of music, mockingly escorted them to the barracks. Having entered the hall, they marched single file onto the platform, and having played some tunes, marched down again, and bade the lasses good-night.

The town was somewhat astonished at the announcement of

Coming War,

and a police officer had said that if anybody came to make war there he would lock them up. But what was the astonishment next morning to see only three little lasses standing on the square to speak and sing about salvation. Crowds followed and packed the barracks all day long, but only three that day came to Christ for mercy; more were gained through each evening of the following week, so that by Sunday they were able to march fifty strong to the square, with a couple of drums and a pair of cymbals, and twenty more were that day added to their numbers. In three weeks the number reached had gone up to one hundred and thirty.

At St. Catharines, where one thousand six hundred people had crowded into the building on the second Sunday evening, such was the disorder that it was necessary to stop speaking and fall to prayer, but before the service concluded nine poor sinners had come to the front to seek salvation. Seventy more were gathered in during the following week.

The Berlin Weekly News says of the meetings at Guelph: "Strange to say, these meetings are attended by thousands, including prominent merchants and professional men, and other leading citizens and their families. The crowd is so great that every available space is occupied, and hundreds have every evening to be turned from the doors. These vast assemblies will remain there from two to four hours, from all appearances intensely interested."

Hotels, billiard saloons, and other places of amusement, we are told, were almost emptied while these meetings were going on.

The Chief Constable of Bowmanville remarked, soon after the Army's attack on that town, that nearly every young man in town who had required his professional services during the past year was now a member of the Army!

No wonder that a vigorous opposition was raised by the devil in those early days against so glorious a work of God as this!

At Collingwood the little detachment who accompanied the officers to the opening were surrounded on their arrival, and escorted to their lodgings by hundreds of people—hooting, yelling, and pelting them with stones and snow; but the immense crowds who came to the services on Sunday listened with the closest attention, and before the day was over nineteen had come to the penitent form to seek salvation.

No less than

Twenty-Three Thousand People

turned out in the streets of Hamilton to see the first Salvation Army funeral. Almost every one of the one hundred and fifty soldiers in the march were in full uniform. The sister around whose grave this wonderful gathering took place, had been a good soldier ever since her conversion, about a year previously, and she was actually preparing some eatables for a tea-meeting about to be held when she was suddenly taken ill, and sent for the officers and some of the soldiers to her bedside. When told that she would not recover she was perfectly content, saying she was prepared to meet her Lord.

While the Captain of a Toronto outpost was leading the march one Tuesday evening, she was struck on the head with a stone, and so severely hurt that it was days before anyone could be sure that her life would be spared.

But more serious opposition was by-and-bye organized in some of the larger cities, where attempts was made, by means of imprisonment, to stop the progress of the war. One of the London soldiers was

Sent to Prison

for seven days, which, however, brought out a demonstration of sympathy by our outside ministers and gentlemen of the city. Shortly afterwards a Lieutenant was sentenced to imprisonment; but in this case the sentence was appealed against, and the judge of the Supreme Court discharged the prisoner, laying it down that we had a right to march with songs and music in Canada for the salvation of the people, and this decision seems to have crushed these attempts at action by law against us throughout the Dominion.

A single officer began in St. Thomas marching through the streets with a cow-bell, amid the sneers of many. Soon a number of people were converted and formed into a corps, and after a time, we were left without barracks, and the soldiers had to fight mostly in the open-air throughout the winter. This, however, drove them to the building of barracks of their own. Officers and soldiers spent the whole of one Friday night scrubbing the floor, and the next evening the barracks was filled, a glorious meeting held and a number saved. Such was the crowd on Sunday evening that the doors were carried off. On the Monday, one thousand sat down to tea, after which a meeting was held from seven till eleven-thirty, when most of the congregation stood, packed too close to sit, and yet in perfect order.

We give these incidents of early beginnings as it gives us a better idea of some of the early struggles of the S. A. in our fair Dominion. As we look back our hearts fill with praise to God that His Spirit and blessing have been with us as an Army from those early days up to the present.

HOW TO GROW IN GRACE.

A writer in speaking of the Christian growth dependent entirely upon being alone in communion with the Saviour has said:

"In order to grow in grace, we must be much alone. It is not in society—even Christian society—that the soul grows most vigorously. In one single quiet hour of prayer it will often make more progress than in days of company with others. It is in the desert that the dew falls freshest and the air is purest."

TRANSFORMING POWER OF PRAYER.

Someone has beautifully said regarding prayer as a transforming power:

"Prayer will, in time, make the human countenance its own divine altar. Years upon years of such thoughts, like conscious music shut up within, will vibrate along the nerves of expression until the lines of the living instrument are drawn into regularity, and the harmony [illegible] ... of the soul."

God's church is His great irrigation system for the water of life.

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God brings His servants to the [illegible] of His Son by the path of His sufferings.

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True love for God cannot be satisfied with selfish pleasure in His presence.

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Take care to fill your pulpit with loving piety and your pews will fill up with living people.

The Blessing of a Clean Heart.

HOW TO OBTAIN IT.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."—Matt. v. 48.

THERE are many earnest religious people who cannot help feeling that there is a lack somewhere in their religious life, for which they cannot account. That it should be so is a grief to them and a perplexity—yet so it is. Instead of finding that religion cures all their cares, it is the one great burden which wearies them most. Instead of healing other failures, as it certainly ought to do, it is the one thing in which they do most grievously fail. Everything in the Word encourages the hope that religion will bring a new life, an abiding strength, a confidence, and joy; but instead of that is seems only to bring to them a sadder sense of weakness and troubled doubts.

Is it possible for us just to put our finger upon the source of the mischief? I think it is. Let us claim the help of that blessed Spirit who searches the deep places of the soul.

We have come pretty generally to this point, that the ground of our salvation is not in doing, nor in feeling, nor even in faith; the ground of our salvation is the finished work of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ—faith is only the beggar's hand that takes it.

But the old subtle life of looking to ourselves is not dead because we have given it up in one particular. It lives on vigorously and tyrannises over us in a great many ways. It underlies our prayers; it fills us with chilly fears and fevers of doubt; it makes our hopes as variable as the weather or the state of our health.

Here is the great source of the mischief:

We think we must make God love us by being good.

If we are good—good enough—God will love us; but if we are not good enough, what hope is there? Said one of my little ones to the youngest, in that threatening tone which is usually adopted in teaching, "You must be good, you know, or father won't love you." That is how we think of God and how we live toward Him. We are always trying to be good enough to make Him love us; and, of course, to do that one must be very, very good! Then comes again the troubled sigh over the dreary round of failure. "You see, I am so dreadfully bad; so unlike other people. I have so little faith; no love; no earnestness; nothing!" Here is the black source of this misery.

"You must be good, or father won't love you," said the little one. Then I called him to myself, as God seeks to call us, and I said, gravely and tenderly, "Do you know what you have said? It is not true, my boy—not a bit true."

"Isn't it?" said the little one, surprised and doubtful.

"No," I said; "it is far away from the truth."

"But you won't love us if we are not good, will you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said; "I can't help loving you. I shall love you for ever and ever, because I can't help it. When you are good I shall love you with a love that makes me glad; and when you are not good I love you with a love that hurts me; but I can't help loving you, because I am your father, you know."

"Your Father which is in heaven." Alas! we speak it only as the utterance of a reverential homage. We think of it as a figure borrowed from an early life, and only in some faint and shallow meaning to be used of God. We are afraid to take God as our own tender and pitiful Father. He is a schoolmaster, or almost further off than that, and knowing less about us—an inspector, who knows nothing of us except through our lessons. His eyes are not on the scholars, but on the book, and all alike must come up to the standard.

Let us look into the school. Here is one thoughtless and indolent, the lessons neglected for everything—when he comes up to the master no wonder he hangs his head and is full of confusion. Here is another dreaming, as people dream in hearing sermons, the mind wandering for half an hour, then waking up suddenly to find that the time is gone and the lesson unlearned. Here is another who does try at the sum, but it will come wrong, try and try as he may. Here beside him is another who sees the mistake and gets it right without any trouble at all. But the master knows nothing about trouble, he only looks at the answer. Here is the poor little maiden, God bless her, who has to be the mother at home, the mistress of the poor household, to see to all the family—Is it any wonder that her thoughts are flying from the lesson back to other cares? But the master knows nothing about that as he calls her to himself. Here is the lad who has failed so often that he has given up trying. Here is a dull little scholar, born of dull parents, for half-a-dozen generations, who finds every task so dreadfully hard. Here is the clever boy who knows it all at a glance, and says it. Here is the poorly little one with the headache and weariness, trying to keep back the tears that tremble in her eyes. All of them, dull and clever, weak and strong, anxious and easy—all are brought to the same lesson, the master measures them not by themselves, but by the answers and the tasks.

Oh, I know those scholars; so do you. It is just the picture of our trying to serve God—trying to bring what He has commanded; the dull scholar, and the anxious scholar, and the poor, weak, tired scholar, all getting up the tasks, and in it all burdened with the fear of failure and of being "turned."

Now the school is over. Home they come, bounding with glee. All the restraint gone, the troublesome lessons are done with, the fear of failure is forgotten. Why? They are at home now. This is the Father's house and love is here. Ah, there is that lazy, thoughtless scholar, was there ever such a boy to work? And he who was dreaming, look how his eyes flash; he is all eagerness, and tenderness, and care. But this is harder work than lessons or sums? No! there is no work in it, it is only doing something for mother. Oh, the magic of love!

Here is the anxious little maiden; it is no burden to toil; there is no sigh over it now. It is for those she loves. Here comes the dull, slow child, she forgets all about her not being clever—her father loves her as much as the clever one, every bit. Ah, and here is the sum that would not come right, all the master's cross drawn right down the slate. The father hears all about it and takes the little fellow on his knee, and holds the little hand in his and tracks the mistake up to its beginning and gets the answer right triumphantly. "There, you have done it at last!" says the father cheerily. "Oh, yes, father, I could do anything when you help me like that," cries the lad, wondering if he shall ever be so clever. Home comes the little one who is poorly, and love sees at once the drooping eye and the heavy head, and soothes it with tender pity.

Now open the ears of the heart, timid child of God; let it go sinking right down in the innermost depths of the soul. Here is the starting-point of holiness, in the love, and patience, and pity of our Heavenly Father. We have not to learn to be holy as a hard lesson at school, that we may make God think well of us; we are to learn it at home with the Father to help us. God loves you, not because you are clever, not because you are good; He loves you because He is your Father. The cross of Christ does not make God love us; it is the outcome and measure of His love to us. He loves all His children, the clumsiest, the dullest, the ugliest, the worst of His children. His love lies at the back of everything, and we must get upon that as the solid foundation of our religious life, not growing up into that, but growing up out of it. We must begin there, or our beginning will come to nothing. Do take hold of this mightily. We must go out of ourselves for any hope, or any strength, or any confidence. And what hope, what strength, what confidence may be ours now that we can begin here, "Your Father which is in heaven!"

We need to get in at the tenderness and helpfulness which lie in these words, and to rest upon it—your Father. Speak them over to yourself until something of the wonderful truth is felt by us. It means that I am bound to God by the closest and tenderest relationship; that I have a right to His love and His power and His blessing, such as nothing else can give me. Oh, the boldness with which we can draw near! Oh, the great things we have a right to ask for! Your Father. It means that all His infinite love and patience and wisdom bend over me to help me. In this relationship lies not only the possibility of holiness; there is infinitely more than that.

The story is told of one of our most gifted poets, that when a little lad of six he was sent to what was called a "charity" school. Sensitive and timid, frightened at the master's look and voice, and at the cane, without which nothing was done in those times, he could only tremble over his lesson and blunder tearfully instead of saying it, going back beaten and bewildered to try again. Little wonder that he came to think himself as stupid as the master said he was, and despaired of ever knowing anything. At last the master's patience was exhausted, the scoldings and the canings were alike in vain. Seizing the little fellow angrily, he thrust him out of the school and sent him home as too dull to learn anything. The frightened child hid himself in his mother's arms and sobbed out all his grief. Then she sat beside him and patiently taught him his letters, and bore with a hundred failures, and praised his occasional success, and so led him on until he was a scholar almost before he knew it.

Here we are to begin in the patient love of our Father. Think how He knows us apart and by ourselves, in all our peculiarities, and in all our weaknesses and difficulties. The master judges by the result, but our Father judges by the effort. Failure does not always mean fault. He knows how much things cost, and weighs them where others only measure. Your Father. Think how great store His love sets by the poor beginnings of the little ones, clumsy and unmeaning as they may be to others. All this lies in this blessed relationship, and infinitely more. Do not fear to take it all as your own.

Holiness is no exceptional privilege to which only the inner circle of God's favorites are admitted. It is the right of all His children. It is no height to be reached only by some few adventurous spirits of rare endurance and daring; it is the highway to the Father's house. It is ours by inheritance, the blessed portion of goods that falleth to us. Holiness is the natural life of our new birth. The moment we are in Christ the eternal purpose of all things in heaven and in earth leads up to this end, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love. If I am the child of God, all the wisdom and love and righteousness of the Father, all the great salvation which is in Christ and Him crucified, all the energies of the Holy Spirit, all the arrangements of the daily life, are mine to minister to my holiness. "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them called according to His purpose." To what good? Not for our ease and luxury and self-indulgence, as we think and hope in our blindness, but for the highest, the only good—"For whom He did foreknow He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son." So God meets us on His side. How shall we meet Him on our side?

Oh, for an enthusiasm for holiness! A passionate and absorbing ambition to be like Christ in thought and word and deed;—to live over again the life of Christ in doing the will of God and in serving others; in courage and in patience; in great brotherliness and in utter forgetfulness; in restful faith and in consuming zeal; in the abiding consciousness of God's love and in sight of the dread realities of the judgment and its eternal issues; in tender compassion for the fallen, and in deepest abhorrence of sin.

Let us pray and wait for the gift of the Holy Ghost who is come to make us realize this relationship in all its glorious fulness, by whom the love of God becomes much more than a thought—a blessed possession, shed abroad in the heart. "The Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirit that we are children of God." And how ready is the father to give us this gift divine! "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him!"

Your Father. It is in the deep reality of this relationship that there lies the possibility of holiness. It is in the tenderness and wisdom and faithfulness of the Father that we find the blessed hope and pledge of holiness.

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God: and such we are. . . Beloved, now are we the children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. And every one that hath this hope set on Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."—M. G. P.

Colonial Statesmen's Opinion of the Salvation Army.

PARLIMENTARY GRANTS.

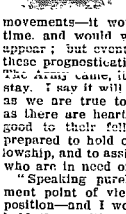
Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, G.C.M.G. Premier of the Cape Colony.

"General Booth was probably the greatest traveler in the world. There was no man who knew the slums of London better than he; but he was not content with working among the people close to his hand. . . . All this he was undertaking in the cause of his Master; and at a time like the present, when they had the world crowded with theories, and any number of men who were able to expatiate by the hour on certain principles, they had General Booth traveling all over the world in the manner he had described, and viewing mankind with the practical eye of a man of business."

In connection with the opening of the African Social Farm buildings, Sir Gordon said he had taken a great interest in the Work. There was upon the present estimates the sum of £150 for the Social Farm, and during the last few weeks he had been thinking of the work, and hoping that he might be able to bring before Parliament a proposal for a further sum of money. He felt sure these members of Parliament present would be prepared to support him in such a proposal.

INCORRECT PROGNOSTICATIONS.

The Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, LL.D., Premier of New Zealand.



"We know that when the movement was first commenced how it was received. History almost repeated itself. We know of the sneers and gibes, and the persecutions and prosecutions that took place, and how we were all told it would be like many other movements—it would be there for a time, and would wane, and then disappear; but events have proved that these prognostications were incorrect. The Army came, it is here, and it will stay. I say it will never wane so long as we are true to ourselves, so long as there are hearts who desire to do good to their fellows, and who are prepared to hold out the hand of fellowship, and to assist in uplifting those who are in need of help.

"Speaking purely from a Government point of view, I say, from my position—and I would not deserve to hold the position, I think, for a moment, were I not prepared to recognize the great service that has been, and is being, done by the Salvation Army in dealing with social problems that have seemed impossible of solution in the past. . ."

W^M BOOTH GENERAL
WAR CRY
BLOOD AND FIRE
SALVATION ARMY
EVANGELINE BOOTH COMMISSIONER

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GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Cadet Gilbert A. Janes, Nfld. Training Home, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Pilley's Island.

Cadet Emma Loveless to be Pro-Lieutenant at Clarenville.

Cadet Wm. B. Gramby to be Pro-Lieutenant at Twillingate.

Cadet Joseph Butler to be Pro-Lieutenant at Lamaline.

Cadet Hugo Connecko to be Pro-Lieutenant at Fortune.

Cadet May Metcalf to be Pro-Lieutenant at Brigus.

Cadet Janet Locke to be Pro-Lieutenant at Slum Post, Nfld.

Cadet Eliza Wells to be Pro-Lieutenant at Greenspond.

Cadet Fannie Janes to be Pro-Lieutenant at Musgravetown.

Appointments—

ADJT. THOMAS, Moorhead, to Brandon Corps and District.

ADJT. E. HAYES, Lethbridge Corps and District, to Medicine Hat and Calgary Districts.

ENSIGN MRS. WYNN, Brandon, to Moorhead Corps.

ENSIGN TAYLOR, furlough, to Portage la Prairie Corps.

ENSIGN CHAS. STAIGER, Carman, to Port Arthur Corps.

ENSIGN GREEN, Moose Jaw, to Lethbridge Corps.

ENSIGN McLEAN, Port Arthur, to Carman Corps.

ENSIGN JARVIS, furlough, to Leamington Corps.

ENSIGN SLOTE, Woodstock, to Winnipeg.

ENSIGN BREHAUT, Central T. G., to Woodstock, Ont.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

THE COMMISSIONER AT OAKVILLE.

Showers of Blessing Within and Without—Local Magnates in Ecstacies—The Cream of Collections Left for the Camp.

Somebody must always be last—in this case somebody was the writer. Imagine our distraction standing with multifarious bundles beneath a drenching storm waiting for the slow passing of a ponderous freight train, every instant expecting to hear the discordant shriek with which the steamer announces its departure for Oakville. We tumbled over the tracks at last onto the wharf to find our rather limp contingent still scanning the watery horizon for the boat. When at last it did come, splashed with the waves from stem to stern, its return trip was cancelled. So it came that the Commissioner and the Red Knights went by train.

Our arrival at the pretty little station would have been more imposing had it rained less; as it was, our fellow-passengers scuttled to their respective ways like rabbits to their holes, not waiting to do us honor, and we were left upon the abject-looking station square watching the inspiring spectacle of the over-crowded 'bus returning to town. Then we distributed the collection of instruments, minor bags, etc., and loaded up for the walk to town. The procession was more sympathetic than dramatic. The elements rained floods of sympathy upon the "pack horses," and various passing pedestrians volunteered the proverbial encouragement, "Keep right on, the town ain't a great way off now." The indomitable spirit of the Commissioner had refused the suggestion of any conveyance being sought for herself, and would persist in trudging with us all the long liquid way. What a relief it was, foot-sore and somewhat bedraggled, to tumble at last into Oakville, and into the protection of Mother Hinton—the presiding genius, Army representative, and chief factotum of Salvationism in the town. Mrs. Hinton must at once be introduced—Sergt.-Major by name, but Captain in spirit and enterprise. There are no officers in Oakville, but for three years this motherly soul, clad in irreproachable uniform, has kept the Army in the place—conducted meetings, visited, sold War Crys, and generally carried on the soul-saving work on regulation lines. Several faithful souls assist. This good woman provided excellent billets for the party, to which they thankfully repaired. The Commissioner, though the most exhausted of all, insisted on a visit to the Camp before retiring. She found the children in good health, and the officers in excellent spirits, despite the steady downpour.

Sunday brought no cessation to the showers of blessing, and it was hard to keep one's faith in a solid condition for meetings held under such unpropitious circumstances. Still the morning's engagements were more than could have been expected. The open-air, conducted by Brigadier Pugmire, in the innumerable puddles of the main street, was no disconsolate affair, and in view of the few by-standers, the collection was nothing short of phenomenal. Inside the small barracks we had a refreshing time with the "faithful few." Dad—a local magnate of unique character—was radiant at the presence of the more stalwart members of the Red Knights. He is the only brother in the corps.

The Commissioner's visit was a "red letter event" in Oakville; it fairly rivalled the Coronation to the supporters of Mrs. Hinton's corps. All the town was determined to see and hear her, and although the untoward state of the elements disappointed many, streams of people wended their way through the mud puddles for the afternoon meeting in the Town Hall. This building is of ample proportions considering the size of the population, and that it should be filled, under such adverse skies, spoke volumes for Oakville's appreciation of its distinguished visitor. The whole meeting was impressive, and despite the sultry July weather many a face bore an April expression of mingled smiles and tears over the touching songs of the children and the earnest appeals of testimony and prayer. Breathless silence prevailed while the Commissioner spoke—her inspired declaration and soul-stirring pleadings from an absolute trust in an absolute Saviour compelled the attention to a man, and gripped the conscience of many. "This is a great day in Dad's experience," whispered someone on the platform. We glanced down at the old patriarch, his white hair and radiant face shone amidst the rows [illegible] interested and some convicted, which surrounded him.

As the night fell, on came another downpour, but surely an angel's wing brushed aside the cloud as eight o'clock drew near, for the sky cleared and the setting sun threw down a brief benediction on the rousing open-air conducted outside a large hotel. The Town Hall was soon in a state of congestion, which reduced both breathing and standing space to a premium. Households had come en masse, and we are not sure but that some churches were represented in a wholesale fashion. Certain it is that one minister announced that he would close in plenty of time to enable all his congregation to hear Miss Booth. In many ways the meeting resembled that of the afternoon—there was the same breathless interest, the same keen conviction, and sympathetic feeling. Again the children sang of harps, and palaces, and heavenly things. Again the Commissioner rose, Bible in hand, to declare eternal truths with that burning eloquence which holds both head and heart captive. At moments the intensity of feeling was almost painful—men who had come out of sheer curiosity were trembling with suppressed emotion. A volunteer for prayer was soon forthcoming, and ere long two broken hearts were sobbing out their contrition at the penitent form.

In point of crowds, the Monday night meeting was perhaps an even greater success. Few of Oakville's adult population could have been absent, and the musical program evoked long and enthusiastic applause.

The financial proceeds of the meetings were beyond the horizon of expectation, and from them we were able to leave a substantial legacy for the Fresh Air Camp. The Commissioner's witty appeal for gifts in kind produced a response on the spot [illegible] the promise of three hundred [illegible]. There is no doubt, from the donations given and sympathy shown, that Oakville is both delighted and honored at its selection by the Commissioner for the scene of her Fresh Air Camp.

Editorial.

"The Harvest is Plenteous."

Never was there a time when there were such vast opportunities before the Salvationist as at present, both at home and abroad, and we are quite safe in saying there is no field where the energies of sanctified men and women can be used to better advantage than in the ranks of the Salvation Army.

Although the Army operates in most important countries of the globe, and over fifteen thousand officers carry on evangelistic and Social Reform work in numerous branches, touching all shades and grades of sin and vice, yet there is still an abundance of opportunity within its ranks to preach the glad tidings of salvation. There are countries that we have not even touched—the vast dominions of the Tzar of Russia, the great Chinese Empire, Turkey, and other countries. Truly the fields are white unto harvest. But we have not to go to lands far distant to find a chance for work, while in this Territory, all around us, we see much to be done. We are safe in saying the Commissioner would not have the slightest difficulty in placing to good advantage a couple of hundred officers.

We are now nearing the September session of training, and if you love dying souls, and have an interest in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, send in at once your application for the work. Time is flying, opportunities lost can never be regained. You have heard the cry, "Come, and help us," as plainly as did Paul. What shall the answer be?

Territorial Newslets.

The approaching visit of our beloved General is the occasion of "Hallelujahs" throughout the Territory. The fullest particulars will be given in due course. God bless the dear General.

The Commissioner is giving her annual treat to the children, at Eglinton, on Thursday next. A very happy time was spent last year, and many touching little incidents could be given. This year the prospect for a happy time is still brighter.

There was a startling experience at the home of Capt. Cann during a recent thunderstorm in Toronto. It appears that the kitchen roof was struck by a flash of lightning, and then lifted off by the storm, just a few seconds after the room had been vacated by the Captain and her father. The rain then poured into the roofless room in torrents. In close proximity to the house much damage was done.

Friends of the Army are still in great sympathy with the Fresh Air Camp for poor children, and some substantial donations have been received. It is a sight to see the eager faces at the Territorial Headquarters applying for tickets, and already there are a few score who will have to wait until the second batch of over one hundred needy little ones have their outing at the camp for a couple of weeks.

More, of course, could be done if funds were more abundant, but the contributions have been used to the very best advantage. A donation was sent in the other day touchingly signed, "In memory of a dear daughter who loved little children."

The Indians in British Columbia are jubilant over the fact that they are to have a long-promised visit of a chief officer. Major Hargrave, the Provincial Officer for the Pacific, leaves on the 1st of August for their shores.

Ensign Andrews, who has been in charge of the Spokane Shelter pro tem, and has done herculean work in connection with the renovating of the same, has taken up his duties as Financial Special for the Pacific.

We learn from the Eastern Star that Adjt. Turpin, the J. S. Secretary, is engrossed in a multiplicity of duties after the brilliant achievement of the Eastern Juniors in the last S.-D. effort, and has great expectations for further advance in future.

New officers are leaving, at an early date, for Skagway, Alaska. Ensign Gooding has really got married. Would you believe it! And Capt. Long is in charge of Skagway, pro tem.

Lieut. McDonald and Lieut. [illegible] of the Eastern Province, have recently lost their brothers. May God sustain them in this hour of sorrow.

Complete Self-Denial returns for the Eastern Province show the grand total to be $7,224.99. This is a glorious victory, and the Commissioner [illegible] wishes to thank all concerned. [illegible] adier Sharp is justly proud of his officers and troops.

Ensign Larder is in a very serious state of health, being confined to her bed under the close care of the doctor. Pray for her.

All the District Officers of the Eastern Province, with the exception of Cape Breton, will farewell on Sunday, August 10th, and proceed to their next appointments the following Thursday. This change will affect Adjts. Jennings, Crichton, Byers, [illegible] Dowell, Wiggins, Graham, also Ensigns Cooper and Williams.

The General in Sweden.

A SUPERB WELCOME.

An Inspiring March-Past—Pathetic Penitent Form Incidents—138 at the Cross.

Once more had the General come to disturb the peace of the people in Stockholm who were carelessly sleeping in sin; while even for those who were awake, he had no sort of lullaby song! And yet, perhaps, these are the chief reasons why the folks in question use both arms, legs, and purses in trying to see and hear the founder and leader of the Salvation Army. But some of them used the telephone, too. At least a voice was heard the other day speaking through the 'phone like this:

"I am the local editor in Stockholm of ———" (here he mentioned one of our biggest papers in Norway). "I am very sorry you have not sent me a ticket for the General's Sodertelge-day, as I know you have sent invitations to other editors."

"Don't be sorry! We'll arrange that for you!" was the cheery reply.

Now, when the miracle occurs that a journalist gets anxious, then, I fancy, he is liable to be a little fantastic—at any rate, this was one, because no paper had yet got tickets. However, his ticket was sent, and he wrote his article.

Had the General desired to make a public entry to Stockholm, then Commissioner McAlonan would have been able to send six hundred officers down to the station to welcome him. But, as usual, he preferred a silent entry; so his overmowing officers and soldiers reserved their enthusiasm a little longer.

At the Penitent Form.

I suppose no man or women the world over will expect to go far in a report concerning the General's doings without coming in collision with the penitent form! And here it is at once! But I will tell you the story from the beginning.

The Temple was crowded—I use the word, though it seems to be a poor thing in this connection—with Salvationists and ex-soldiers. Commissioner Howard, in his calm manner, has surveyed the troops; the sun had just risen in the face of Colonel Lawley; the penetrating eyes of Brigadier Mapp have been attached to a Swedish Song-Sheet; the band is ready for the welcome tune. Now then, "Everybody stand up!" The request is not necessary. When the General comes this way you may as well try to stop Niagara with a cork, as to ask our soldiers to remain in their seats. I think I told you last year that joy and tears were happily married in Sweden. Well, I can state that they have not got divorced yet!

But let us come to that penitent form! The General prayed: "Close your eyes when you pray—you can't see angels when you have your eyes open." That was the General's advice. I fancy the soldiers and backsliders were rather slow in obeying to-night—at least, during the first part of the prayer, for most of them had their eyes fixed on the General! You must really try to excuse them!

The General was "beaming." The Fire fell on the audience, and as soon as the speaker sat down, an old man ran to the—now, there we are!—penitent form! The first person who laid his hand on the man's shoulder was not a Swede—we are scarcely so quick as Commissioner Howard! Oh, that penitent form! Before the last seeker rose from it, God had saved, sanctified, or blessed fifty-three souls!

From Quay to Quay.

Sun and clouds tried hard to vanquish each other. But as the sun had the Salvationists on its side, in conquered. Under the high fringe of the Riddarholms Church, where we used to bury our royal dead, the thirteen steamers belched out smoke and screeched forth signals, then one by one moved off from Stockholm Quay. The bands played, and every steamer having its own favorite melody, the whole became a sort of a musical Babel—but with a blessed Salvation strain running through it all.

Thousands and thousands of people waved the General off as, last of all, the flagship left the quay. Even the sun wanted to have a look, and, therefore, peeped out between the clouds—indeed, for a long time it forgot to go behind the clouds again.

Now began the lake review. Stately and proud, the flagship is cleaving the waves and passing the other steamers. The General is on the upper bridge; he raises his hat from time to time. See! it is the children's boat. "God bless the General!" "A-a-a-men!" Steamer after steamer is left behind. An American officer is busy with his camera; Colonel Lawley continues to beam, even when the sun goes away for a minute; Commissioner Howard looks with satisfaction to the shore, where people shout and wave their handkerchiefs, and the villas hoist their colors; Brigadier Mapp appears to be making comparisons between the jungles of India and the pines of Sweden; Brigadier Saunders has apparently forgotten Australia; while for the rest—we are all satisfied!

Here we are! Sodertelge lies before us. What crowds of people! How shall we find our way through these masses? But when the General lands there is a broad way made.

The Camp.

"Down to the camp!" The way was thronged with people, and when the General took his place on the platform, he faced at least ten thousand people.

The General began with a translator, but presently became so "hot" that he left him behind! Now he is coming to a close. He has just asked for the first seeker, when the answer comes: a young fellow walks out. It was a promising start, and there was something of a conqueror's smile on the General's lips. It had not time to die away, because, one after the other—fifty-three in all—knelt at the mercy seat. Amongst these were two deaf-and-dumb persons. They had understood every word of the General through their eyes!

"Make a Point!"

"Do you write the report for the Cry?"

"Yes, General."

"Make a point of those two officers"—and here the General nodded at our two Lapp comrades, who were attired in their native clothes, and whose happy faces told a tale of joy. When told that the General wanted them to be made a "point" in the report concerning his meetings, the Lapp warriors' hearts danced with delight, and they forgot all about the hardships of the fight.

On Fire!

A newspaper, the day after the Sodertelge Demonstration, said, "The General is a man on fire. He is always speaking about Fire." Had you heard him that afternoon in the camp, you would have thought so, too. He spoke about eternity—of an everlasting heaven and an everlasting hell. It was just what was wanted in Sweden, where some people say it is not common-sense in these days to believe in hell. And they would rather lose their Bible than their common-sense!

Yes, he was "all on fire," and at the end of the meeting, thirty-two souls had sought deliverance. I wish you could have seen the manner in which number twenty-seven was brought to the front. It was a real Salvation sight. You have it in a vessel, towed into port. Well, there came along two men, the first of them had the other in tow—his guernsey showed which "company" he belonged to. The second was the sinner, he looked like a wreck—tears, broken-heart, sad face. After him, holding fast to his coat, came a young fellow, like the little boat attached to big ships. The three made their way between the people, and, after a little toil, landed the wreck safe in harbor.

Number sixteen was brought out by a Corps-Cadet. The Corps-Cadets are not a little proud that the General dedicated the first batch in Sweden.

Thank God for a burning day—a day when umbrellas were not required!

The March-Past.

It is always a fine sight to see thousands of officers, soldiers, and children walk past the flags, shouting for joy when the General, like a father, stands there looking affectionately upon his spiritual children!

Had I only the language at my disposal to describe the march-past! But you must take the scene for granted. It was encouraging in the highest degree.

In the little harbor of Sodertelge, the steamers lay close together. On the quay had gathered almost the whole population of the place. Now the flagship is moving. "Good-bye, dear General! God bless you!" came alike from Salvationists and friends.

The General was on the bridge once more, and the steamer went swiftly through the water. The General constantly acknowledged the greetings showered upon him from all sides. In due course, Stockholm is reached. Surely such multitudes had never gathered on the quay before! For what had they come? To see how the General of the Salvation Army looks after one of his famous battle-days.

Now, don't be jealous, you good English-speaking people; the General does not belong any more to you than to Sweden. Indeed, he belongs to all mankind.

God bless the General!—E. Richter.

A MIGHTY CONGRESS.

Unparalleled Crowds—The Battle Sustained Until After Midnight—126 Penitents.

The Norwegian Congress baffles description. The crowds were without parallel in our Army history in Christiauia.

The Tivoli, with its spacious area and its six large rising terraces, was full in the morning, and literally gorged forty minutes before the meeting at night.

Pentecostal Fire rested upon the General. His appeals were divine. Conviction, repentance, tears, groans, cries, prayers, shouts, faith, victory, glory filled the place.

The fighting was continued until after midnight; 126 penitents for the campaign.

The General well, but weary.—Lawley.

A GIGANTIC FEED.

The Salvation Army in the Old Country played no small part in helping to distribute the King's gifts to the poor, as we find 1,500 destitute persons partook of His Majesty's cheer in the Salvation Army Shelters. These dinners were located at St. Marylebone, Blackfriars, and Whitchapel.

Looking at the dinner as a whole, there never was a dinner of such magnitude as the one of which we write. At any rate, if there has been, history is silent concerning it. Half-a-million of London's poor sat down to dinner at over eight hundred places, so diversified in character as public parks and warehouses, Board schools and chapels, dock warehouses and the Royal Courts of Justice, Salvation Army Shelters and the Guildhall of famous London City. The number of diners at one dinner varied from 250 old women in the Salvation Army Shelter at Whitechapel, to the 14,000 guests who sat down on five miles of chairs in Bishop's Park, Fulham.

The dinner provides amazing statistics for those who like them. Here are a few:—

250,000 lbs. of beef.
120,000 lbs. of mutton.
10,000 lbs. of veal.
50,000 lbs. of ham.
75,000 quarters loaves.
11,000 bundles of lettuce.
42,000 cucumbers.
25,000 lbs. of tomatoes.
400,480 lbs. of potatoes.
62,500 lbs. of cheese.
150,000 pints of ginger beer.
75,000 pints of lime juice.
56,000 bottles of Yorkshire relish.

The entertainment of his humble guests cost the King $150,000, and we are glad to know that His Majesty was very emphatic on the point that none of his money was to be spent on intoxicants. Also, that in several districts the officials interested were rigid teetotallers who refused to have beer even as a gift, Battersea, which had the greatest number of dining-places—fifty-two in all—being amongst the number.

Echoes from the Women's Social Department.

We are sorry to say that Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read still continues in a weak condition of health, although she seems a little stronger. If able for the journey, Mrs. Read expects to spend a few weeks by the sea-side, visiting friends at the Old Orchard Camp Grounds, Maine. As she is unable to go alone the Commissioner has kindly consented to Nurse Hicks taking her furlough at the same time. Therefore, she goes with Mrs. Read for two weeks.

Many friends will join us in the hope that the sea-breezes will work wonders, and that, under the blessing of God, Mrs. Read will return home strengthened and able once again to take up the work that is so much on her heart and mind. She hopes to come back to Headquarters in September.

The Evangeline Children's Home, on Farley Ave., has been closed for the past two weeks, as Ensign Crocker and her large family of fifteen little ones are enjoying the benefits of the Commissioner's Fresh Air Camp, at Oakville. The Ensign writes that the children are happy and well, and delighted with their surroundings, and the many opportunities camp life affords for out-door play. God bless the little children!

Mrs. Ensign Payne, of the Halifax Rescue Home, has had good success in her visits to other places in the interests of the work. She is now on a trip to Charlottetown.

Staff-Captain Holman, of St. John, N.B., is also seeking in this way to create fresh interest and sympathy among the friends of our work, and enlist the help of some who have not hitherto understood its principles and purposes. The Staff-Captain has a large family to care for in the Home in St. John.

Adjt. Jordan, who has been supplying in Hamilton, has again to go to her home. She is being succeeded by Capts. Broster and Dunster, who have spent some time in successful labor with Adjt. Ellery, in Montreal. The Captains have just had a well-earned furlough, and will go in to their new sphere of work full of zeal and devotion to the cause they love. The officers and girls of the Hamilton Home, we are sure, will extend to them a hearty welcome, and we prophesy blessed results from their work for the Master in the Ambitious City.

The Toronto League of Mercy work is advancing, in spite of the fact that the number of workers is smaller than usual on account of illness, etc. The women inmates of the Don Jail have been privileged lately with several visits from Major Stewart, who has charge of the Toronto League of Mercy work. The Major tells of the softening influence of the Gospel message on hearts long hardened by sin. It is just for such as these that the glad tidings were given, "not to bring the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."

Letters come constantly from those officers who, from different reasons, have had to step aside from the front of the fight for a little space. Although absent from the work, their hearts are still in it, and we cannot but feel that they are just as really fighting the battles of the cross, even if laid aside by sickness or kept away by home circumstances. One writes: "The summer seems very long. I am anxious to be at work again." Yes, the heart of the true warrior is ever in the conflict, and the need is very pressing for the "fields are white unto the harvest."—G. E. B.

Letters from the General

TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

ABOUT BEING SAVED.

LETTER No. 1.—SAVED OR NOT?

My Dear Comrades,—

There is no word in more common use amongst Salvationists than the word "Saved." In our halls, in the open-air, in our homes, every day—nay, almost every hour of the day—you can hear the question asked, "Are you saved?" or the statement made, "Thank God, I am saved!"

Now, I need not remark here that every Salvation Soldier ought clearly to apprehend the meaning of those words when he proposes them to a stranger, or applies them to himself. It seems to me that it must be important that he should not only realize in his own experience what it is to be saved, but that he should be able to explain its meaning to anyone else who may ask him for such information.

Now, I am not sure whether every soldier in your corps is possessed of this ability, and I have, therefore, set myself the task of making the subject plain to each of you. I will do my best.

I will begin with a remark with which you will be perfectly familiar, namely—

1. That men are divided into two classes—the saved and the unsaved. All our religious beliefs, experiences, practices, and expectations are built up on this truth. We hold that in the sight of God all men everywhere are possessed of one or the other of two characters; they are either righteous or wicked. All men stand in one or other of two relations to God; they are either friends or foes. All men are traveling along one of two roads—either the broad or the narrow way; the journey of all men ending in one or other of two different states—either heaven or hell.

This, I need not tell you, is the teaching of the Scriptures from beginning to end. Take this away from the Bible, and three fourths of its pages would be of no value—nay, would have little or no meaning. Everywhere the good Book singles out the saved, pours forth upon them its blessings, makes over to them its promises, pledges itself to their protection, and assures them of endless satisfaction and joy, while it condemns the conduct of the unsaved, and threatens them with everlasting ignominy and punishment.

This is also the teaching of history. If you go back to the gates of Eden you will find two classes there—Abel representing the saved, and Cain the unsaved. And coming down the stream of time, you find the two classes in the days of Noah—the saved are in the ark, and the unsaved outside of it; and in the day of Sodom and Gomorrah you see Lot, representing the saved, lodged safely in Zoar, and the unsaved perishing in the storm of fire and brimstone that God rained down upon the doomed cities.

If you search all the records that follow, till you come to Jesus Christ's appearance on earth—and it was so in His day—you will have ample evidence of the existence of these two classes. Listen to Him—the truth comes out in almost every sermon He delivered; the people whom He addressed were dealt with as belonging to two classes—the saved were those in the fold, the unsaved were outside; the saved were living branches of the vine, the unsaved were dead ones; the saved were the wheat, the unsaved were the tares; the saved were the sheep, the unsaved were the goats; the saved were built upon the rock, or were safe lodged under His wings, while the unsaved, exposed to the storms of judgment, were to be swept away.

If you go on to the end of the world, you find the two classes at the Judgment Bar; if you go on to the end of all things, you will find the saved crowned with glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life, and the unsaved cast away into outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Our own observation also teaches us the existence of these two classes. I would to God that we saw it more clearly than we do. Men around us try hard to conceal the fact from themselves and from their neighbors. They form themselves into ever so many classes. They divide themselves on the ground of money, or education, or politics, or creeds, or nationalities, and I know not what, while God comes down and just divides them into two classes—the righteous and the wicked, the saved and the unsaved.

Now, I want you to look at men as God does. Jesus Christ taught that there is a great gulf in the eternal world between these two classes; and if our eyes could be opened to see men and women in this world as God sees them, that is, as they really are, we should find their separation just as distinct in this life as it will be in the next.

If the saved could have some external mark testifying to the class to which they belonged, such as a cross on their foreheads; or if their outer garments could be made to appear to us as white robes, indicative of their righteous character, such as we expect to find when we get to heaven; and if the unsaved appeared clad in black garments, such as you can imagine them wearing in hell, you would have no difficulty in recognizing all the men and women in your town, or on your street, or in your home as being either saved or unsaved.

But, although this is not the case, the two classes are there all the same. On the one hand, the saved are there, a joy to their Heavenly Father, a satisfaction to their Saviour, a credit to their religion, climbing up the golden stair with all the people they can take with them to the presence of the King. And the unsaved are also there; they are going down, down the steep, dark incline, often, alas! dragging kindred and friends and strangers, old and young, with them to blackness and darkness for evermore. It is all as real and as true as though it were revealed to your natural senses, and you could see it with your natural eyes.

It was this knowledge of what was in men; this seeing them as belonging to one class or the other; this realization of the actual character, condition, and peril of the unsaved that gave to the teaching of Jesus Christ such point and power when He was on the earth. It was this that lay at the root of His tender, imperishable compassion for the unsaved, and which led Him to give His tears and toils and blood to win them over to God, salvation, and heaven.

Again I urge on you, my comrades, the importance of keeping your eyes open to the fact that you are every hour dealing with men and women who are either for God or against Him, and again I implore your compassion for the unsaved.

Don't be uncharitable. Don't judge your neighbors and friends, or the stranger you come across in the open-air, or in the barracks, harshly or hastily. Hope for the best whenever you have good ground for hope, but at the same time do not be deceived. If you have reason to fear that they are unsaved, faithfully regard and deal with them accordingly.

This realization of their true state will make you weep over them, and struggle for sinners as did your Master, and make you cry out to them always and everywhere as you have opportunity, "Come and be saved. 'Now is the accepted time. . . Now is the day of salvation.' For your own sake, for your families' sake, for your Saviour's sake, for the poor world's sake, come and be saved."

Mrs. Adjt. Kenway.

Spiritual Specials.

STAFF-CAPT. BURDITT AND CAPT. URQUHART VISIT CAMP-BELLFORD.

"Good-bye, Jonathan."

"Good-bye, brother, and may God bless you."

We were standing on the station platform bidding farewell to some of our Kingston comrades, when all at once we were interrupted by the conductor shouting, "All aboard!"

After a few hours' traveling we arrived at the noted town of Campbellford, and were met at the station by Capt. Brimson, who wore an exceedingly broad smile on his face. We soon found our way to the open-air stand, and Staff-Capt. Burditt lined out a few verses of that well-known song, "Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb." We all went in to make the best of the opportunity given us for God and souls.

At the inside meeting we had a bright, cheerful time. The meeting was opened for a short time for testimonies, after which the Staff-Captain read a portion from the Word of God, followed by some red-hot truths, and we believe many realized their sinful condition.

We went to our billets feeling disappointed at not seeing any results, but still praying and believing that the devil's Kingdom would get a shaking up.

It is better to wear out than rust out, so we promised God that we would put all the prayer and physical strength possible in the last Sunday's meetings. God was with us from early knee-drill. Every meeting seemed better than the last one, and the people were interested. At the close of the day's fight we rejoiced together over precious souls coming to the cross.

The attendances were good, in spite of the very warm weather. The inside attendance was one thousand one hundred and eighty-eight, being nine hundred and twenty-eight over the average, and the collections were considerably more than usual. To God we give the glory.—Jonathan.

Farewell to Winnicom District.

Snohomish was the first corps to visit. When we arrived we found it raining hard, which, no doubt, interfered with the crowd. Still we had a nice little meeting. Capt. Smith and Lieut. McDonald are doing all they can to upset the devil's plans to hinder the progress of God's Kingdom.

Our next stop was Everett, where we had a grand time. The Grand Army were there on the dates we visited, and they rallied around our four open-air meetings in proper style. Many of the old veterans love the Salvation Army, and showed it practically by giving 25c in the four open-air meetings. Capt. Darrach was all smiles.

Mt. Vernon came next. Capt. Holder has put in eleven months' brave fight here, and comes off with flying colors. We had a good time at this place.

We have just finished our battle in Whatcom. During our eleven months' stay we have fought a hard, but good, fight for God and souls. We proceed in faith to Nelson corps. Believing for victory. Capt. Johnstone goes to Nanaimo.—Adjt. S. Blackburn.

In time of trouble refuse the devil's proffered help.

The Bible owes its place to its power and not to our polemics.

Candidate Harry Bunous, Yarmouth, N. S.

Promoted to Glory.

A FIRM TRUST IN GOD.

Watford.—Brother and Sister Anderson, of the Watford corps, have again been called upon to follow the remains of a loved one to her last resting-place. Mrs. Anderson's father passed away about a year ago; then Bro. Anderson's mother three months ago, and now Mrs. Anderson's mother; but they do not sorrow as those who have no hope. About three weeks before Mother Horning passed away she claimed full salvation, and died with her trust firm in God.

Brother and Sister Anderson have been faithful soldiers of the Watford corps for a number of years, and they feel more than ever like fighting on and doing all they can for God and souls, and by-and-bye meeting those who have gone before. Let every comrade breathe out a prayer on their behalf, that God will sanctify these trying hours to their eternal gain.—Thos. Coombs, D.O.

From the United States.

Toronto I.—Since last report one soul sought pardon, and another purity. Crowds and finances are very good. The Ibbotson Musical Party added to the interest of the meetings last Sunday. Their music was much appreciated by all. On Sunday Adjutant Brooks, of the U.S.A. field, dropped in and gave us a lift, taking the lesson and the prayer meeting. His words were very impressive.—L. P. T. G.

The Officers Farewell.

Vancouver.—We have bid farewell to our officers, Capt. Hurst and Lieut. Johnson, who have gone to other fields after three months of faithful work amongst us. Our prayers go with them, and we are confident that the Lord will bless them in the winning of many precious souls. The results of their labor here have been good, attendances some ninety dollars to the good, and, best of all, twenty-five souls sought and found pardon during this time (not counting those who were saved during the Commissioner's meetings). A goodly number are taking their stand nobly for the Master, and we believe will yet be true Blood-and-Fire soldiers. Hallelujah! Six converts since last report, others are under conviction, and with the advent of the new officers we believe many shall be brought into the fold.—H. N. M. N.

ENTHUSIASTS.

If enthusiasm makes enthusiasts, we pray for more of them. There is a wild and noble enthusiasm. The former is dangerous, the latter a loyal gift. It is regulated force; heart and sense combined; eagerness and foresight prosecuting sublime purposes. Those endowed with it are not blind to difficulties, but brave to meet them; they measure dangers, calculate chances of failure, but venture where duty calls, expecting to conquer by success. There is fire in their bones, and wisdom in their heads, and the more the fire burns the clearer the mind becomes; resources are developed as difficulties accumulate, and the "one chance in ten" for success is the one they expect to grasp, by dint of energy and skill, and usually do it.

Culture will never eliminate the marks of the cross from Christ.

Falsehood turns its back on truth and he who looks through the one may often see the other.

FROM CORPS AND CAMPS.

Pardon at the Cross.

Ahmic Harbor.—We are having beautiful meetings. About two weeks ago we had the joy of seeing one brother, who was once a soldier, kneel at the cross for pardon. We are believing to see him again enrolled. God bless him. Our comrade read the lesson on Sunday night, and it was beautiful to hear him tell of the love of Jesus to his unsaved companions. The meeting went with a swing. God was with us, and conviction was stamped on a number of faces.—L. M. Darch, Lieut.

A Backslider's Return.

Bismarck.—We have had a visit from Capt. and Mrs. Swain, who are on furlough. The Captain enrolled Bro. Theodore Anderson as an Army soldier. The same night another brother, who was a backslider, came back to the fold, and has since taken a bold stand for God. I am under farewell orders, after 15 months in this place. May God richly bless the faithful soldiers of Bismarck corps, and also the incoming officers.—Edward Kenmir, Capt.

Officers Have Arrived.

Blenheim.—After three weeks without officers, we are again reinforced by Capt. Barner who has been resting for a few weeks. The Captain made a favorable impression at her first meeting. Though the weather was very wet and disagreeable, a good crowd turned out for the afternoon meeting.—Ina Groom.

Moved to Tears.

Campbellford.—We are sorry to report that Capt. and Mrs. Brimson have received farewell orders. Staff-Capt. Burditt and Capt. Urquhart have also said good-bye. We had a great farewell meeting on Tuesday night, with an ice-cream social. A large crowd was present, and while our officers bade them farewell, and urged them to turn from their sins and seek God, many were moved to tears. We have welcomed Capt. and Mrs. Clark, praying that God may bless their labors here.—R. C.

Six Souls Sought Salvation.

Catalina.—On Friday night Brother Howes, from the S.S. Ethie, was with us, and rendered good assistance in the meeting. Three souls came to the mercy seat. On Sunday we fought hard to help some soul, and in the night meeting God honored our faith and three more sought pardon.—S. Sainsbury, Capt.

On the Up-Grade.

"Clinton, ahoy!" "Aye, aye, sir." "What are you doing?" "Oh, we are having splendid times. God is with us, and everything is on the up-grade. In spite of the rain all day Sunday, we had grand, Holy Ghost times. In the morning God's power was manifested; one came for sanctification, and at night one for salvation."—W. Richardson.

Seven for the Day.

Fortune.—Capt. Hidgen and Lieut. Connecke have taken hold here. Last Sunday we had splendid meetings. In the holiness meeting Mrs. Adjt. Gosling, who is here on furlough, read the lesson. In the afternoon we had a glorious time, and at the J. S. meeting two little girls found the Saviour. In the night's meeting Lieut. Connecke spoke on "Behold, the Lamb!" Conviction was stamped on many faces, and five souls yielded to the power of God. We closed with seven souls for the day. Hallelujah!—Spectator.

Prayers Requested.

Galt.—We can report good meetings during the past week. On Sunday, in spite of the hot weather, we had good attendance. The band was with us in the afternoon, and rendered valuable assistance. At night we finished up with one backslider at the cross, and four held up their hands for prayers.—Mrs. Gooding, R. C.

Sold Out.

Gambo.—We had meetings all day on Sunday. Three souls sought Christ in the night meeting. The War Crys sell well. We want an increase, Editor, please.—D. Beston, Capt.

Salvation Grit.

Great Falls.—After a stay of nearly fifteen months in the beautiful city of Spokane, we have said good-bye, and are now in the Windy City (Great Falls). During our stay in Spokane my health was first-class, but since coming to Great Falls my old thorn in the flesh (asthma) has returned. Still, Salvation grit will help me through the fight. Many of our comrades are away in the country at work, including our Sergt.-Major, who has gone out about thirty miles. However, we are here to do our best for the advancement of God's Kingdom.—M. Ayre, Adjt.

Eight Men and Women.

Little Bay Island.—Sunday was a day long to be remembered on account of the power of God being manifest in our meetings. Five precious souls knelt at the cross for pardon. Lieut. Skinner has only been with us three weeks, but during that time eight men and women have sought Christ. The Lieutenant is a hard worker, and we believe she is the right one in the right place.—E. Oxford, C.-C.

Two Sisters Volunteered.

Minot.—Five weeks ago Captain Draper took the reins here pro tem. Since that time nine souls have knelt at the cross, and all are doing well. The S.-D. target is O. K. Brigadier and Mrs. Southall and the children have paid us a visit. The writer was not privileged to be at the meeting, but has heard glowing accounts of it. The people were especially pleased with the part taken by the little ones. One brother was enrolled. We have moved into our new hall, which has been very nicely fixed up. May it be the birthplace of many precious souls. On July 4th, the afternoon meeting was held near the race track. We had three open-airs at night, at which attentive crowds gathered. On Sunday night two sisters volunteered from the back of the building, followed by a brother. Others were deeply convicted, but would not yield. The officers and soldiers are putting forth every effort to win Minot for Jesus.—Mrs. C. F. Parker, Sergt.-Major.

Bro. Ben. Johnson, the Swedish Soloist of Fargo, N.D.

Two Months of Victory.

Moorhead.—Orders to farewell was the news of the morning, which brought a sense of real disappointment to our hearts. We have only been in Moorhead a little over two months, but they have been two months of victory. It has meant real faith, prayer, and fighting, but the result has been good crowds, income increased each week, and, above all, ten souls have sought salvation. To God be all the glory! Brigadier and Mrs. Southall's visit was much appreciated. The drills by Ethel, Mamie, and Bert were a great attraction. We prize our Provincial Officers much. May God richly bless them and spare them to us.—A. L. Thomas, Adjt.

Old and New Officers.

Nelson.—We were surprised when we went to the meeting on Sunday night to hear that Cadet Knudson was farewelling for the field. The Cadet has been a great help in the Nelson corps, first in the band, then as J. S. S.-M., which position she held until she left for the work. She has been a great blessing to soldiers and sinners, and has been the means, in God's hands, of leading many precious souls to the Saviour. We are praying that she may have success, and be the means of rescuing many souls from the snares of the enemy. We have welcomed our new officers, Adjt. and Mrs. Blackburn and the little Cadet. God bless them. We have also had two old officers here for the week-end, Ensign Southall and Lieut. H. Johnston, who are to be stationed at Greenwood. Our prayer is that a wave of salvation may sweep over this place. —White Wings.

Sisters Kellan, Falomer, and Millbank, of Fargo, N.D.

Four Captured.

Newtown.—Sunday was a day of victory. Four precious souls were captured from the ranks of the enemy. To God be all the glory!—Lieut. Sexton.

A Blind Man Saved.

Omemee.—God's work is progressing here and victory is sure. On Saturday night three souls knelt at the feet of Jesus and claimed pardon. One was a blind man, who earns his living by playing a violin. We give to Jesus glory.—A. Parker, Capt.

Pipe and Tobacco Gone.

Owen Sound.—We are having good times. On Friday night two backsliders came back to God, giving up their pipe and tobacco at the penitent form. On Saturday night one more sought Christ. We commenced on Sunday with sixteen at knee-drill. The power of the Holy Ghost came upon us and made us eager for the fray, and at night four more souls were won for God, making seven for the week.—Curley and Chanco.

Saved Through the Open-Air.

Pembroke.—God has been blessing us very much, and we believe His Spirit is working upon the people. We had Capt. Poole with us for the week-end. The meetings were good. There appeared to be much conviction but no one surrendered. However, we kept on believing, and God rewarded our faith on Tuesday night, when one sister sought and found pardon. She said that as she listened to our open-air meeting the Holy Spirit so worked upon her that she resolved to give her heart to God without delay. We are going on with renewed zeal and courage to fight for the salvation of souls and the extension of God's Kingdom in this place.—Ruby Foley, Lieut.

A New Barracks.

Petrolia.—The Salvation Army in Petrolia is still marching on. We are doing our best to uplift Jesus, and, thank God, it is not in vain. Those who have been in this little town will remember what an out-of-the-way place our barracks has been in, and what a poor old building it was, but we have secured a spot right on the front street, and are now collecting for the money to pay for it. We are anxious to have a new brick barracks on the lot before the cold weather comes. A donation will be thankfully received by Adjt. T. Coombs from all who read this.—Mrs. Adjt. Coombs.

A Soldier from England.

Quebec.—We had Capt. Poole with us on Thursday and Friday nights. His magic lantern service was good. On Sunday we had real old-time salvation meetings. A soldier from England was with us. Look out for Quebec.—C. M. Brimson.

The Flag of Victory.

Rat Portage.—Our Self-Denial target was hit and the flag went up to the top in good style. The debt was then attacked and wiped off, so you may be sure there is rejoicing in our ranks. We had a big musical meeting, which was a good hit. The meetings in every way are getting better. On Sunday night two men sought pardon. The next big go will be the opening of our new barracks, which is right on Main Street, and there will be no more long stairs to climb. What a blessing! We shall look for great victories. There is a rumor of a farewell.—H. B. C.

Four at the Mercy Seat.

St. John II.—Since last report we have had a change of officers. Our corps Sergt.-Major has also been married to the J. S. S.-M. of No. V. One soldier was enrolled, and four precious souls knelt at the mercy seat recently. —E. Cram, Sec.

A Brother Saved.

St. Stephen.—On Monday evening the Calais officers, Capt. Ryan and Lieut. Thistle, with some soldiers, united with us for a special meeting, and we had a very pleasant time. Capt. Ryan is far from well and needs our prayers. The ice-cream social proved a success. Many thanks to the kind friends who helped financially. Since last report one brother knelt at the cross. The people of St. Stephen are all right, and the Army has some splendid friends.—G. P. T.

A Western Welcome.

Winnipeg.—Last Sunday and Monday we had with us Ensign Mercer, the new G. B. M. Agent for the N.-W. P. We were glad to be able to extend to him a real Western welcome. Everybody enjoyed the Ensign's meetings very much, and he may always be sure of a hearty welcome whenever he comes to Winnipeg. Our meetings last Sunday were very much owned of God, and after a splendid day's fight, which all the comrades put their whole soul into, we had the joy of seeing two souls seeking pardon. —Shiner.

"FOLDED WILL."

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

"One may be quiescent, yet not acquiescent. There must be the folded will as well as the folded hands."

"Oh, fluttering heart, that, like a bird imprisoned,
Beateth itself against life's circling bars,
Lift thou a song to Him who sees, clear-visioned.
Thy home beyond the stars;
Trust thou in God, to whom the night and day
Shine as one light that never fades away.

"Thus shalt thou know, e'en now, the satisfaction
Of hearts that trust the 'Faithful and the True,'
The freedom of the soul, of faith in action,
Soaring beyond the blue.
Thou need'st not wait for liberty until
The day shall break, if thou wilt fold thy will."

I have been much impressed during these many weeks of weary loneliness and suffering and absence from my beloved work, with the lesson taught in the story of David's men by the brook Besor. (1 Sam. xxx.)

Numerous are the glorious stories recorded week by week in the pages of the War Cry of victories achieved by the great Captain of our salvation through those who are out upon the battle fields actively engaged in driving back the enemies of the cross, and earnestly bringing lost souls to the feet of Jesus. Seldom are the silent (though none the less real) battles fought by those who suffer with broken health, shattered nerves, and disappointed hopes chronicled; those who, from weakness of body and sheer physical inability, are obliged to serve by waiting their Lord's will and pleasure.

In the story of David's onslaught upon the Amalekites, we find that David went in pursuit of his enemies with four hundred men, two hundred "were so faint they could not go over the brook Besor." (Verse 10.) This apparent disastrous loss to David's army proved to be a blessing, for through it a new and tender law was made. The men who were so faint that they could not follow David (verse 21) were allowed to share with those who went down to battle. "As his part is that goeth down to battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff, they shall part alike. And it was so from that day forward, and he made it for a statute and an ordinance for Israel unto this day." (Verse 24, 25.)

They were rewarded because willing to go. It was no lack of interest or anxiety to fight that deterred them, they went as far in the way as they could, they exhausted all their energy, and when they reached a certain stage in their experience they were obliged to halt, to lay down their arms, and simply pause by the brook. If they were men of ambition, whose hearts were touched with the cause of their leader, whose spirits were on fire with a desire to share the toils, privations, and hardships of the warfare, this waiting was harder service than rushing into the din of clashing swords and the inspiration of victory.

David knew his soldiers, he knew their desires and purposes, and when the war was over he remembered the service they had rendered, and rewarded them according to the willingness they had shown to go through. He would not allow them to be losers because they had suffered bodily weakness.

How comforting such a lesson is to those who, like myself, have been for a long season laid aside from the activities they have been accustomed to, and have loved to engage in. Our Heavenly Father, who knows our hearts, and the integrity of our purpose, marks how our plans for service are frustrated, and how our attempts to work for Him prove futile, for God judgeth not as man judgeth, but God looketh upon the heart. He rewards according to the will to do, not for the work accomplished. He knows "it is harder service to be still."

"Then seek to please Him, whatsoe'er
He bids thee!
Whether to do, to suffer, to be still,
'Twill matter little by what path He
leads us,
If in it all we sought to do His will."

This thought has been a great comfort to me during these late weeks. Five different times within ten months I have tried to take up the full responsibility of the outside work, and as many times have been obliged to abandon the hope. We are all tempted to ask why, and question God's way when our hearts are torn with pain and disappointment and sorrow, and our eyes are full of tears. But our Father has lessons for us at such hours that He can only teach in the hush and stillness of inactivity, and away from the maddening crowd.

"Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most
wrong,
If it is His sweet will."

It may be that He will, through these experiences, give enlarged sympathy and broader vision, hearts more tender to feel for the weakness and suffering of others. We have wondered oftentimes why the touch and word of one friend has more healing and comfort than others equally loved. The secret is disclosed when, through a mist of tears, our friend assures us, "I understand, I have suffered in this way, this pain, or this sorrow."

Then dear one, who knows the meaning of wakeful nights of anguish, and long, lonely days of weary pain, when shattered nerves cannot even bear the light, of absence from loved spheres of useful, active service, through bodily weakness or heart-breaking sorrow.

"Fold thou thy wings and wait the time
appointed,
When, to thy joy, from earthly
bonds set free,
Thine eyes behold with heavenly powers
anointed,
Green fields of liberty.
Oh, prisoner of hope, in patience wait,
Till God's hour strikes and opened is
the gate."

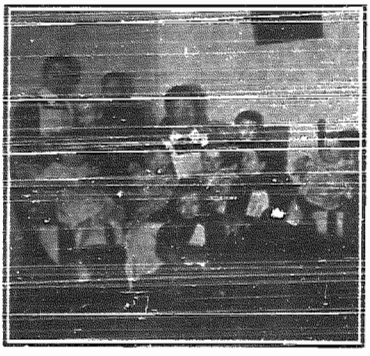
I do not ask you to do an easy thing, but our "Father knoweth our frame," He "remembereth" our natural weakness. He is touched with a feeling of our need. He does not afflict willingly. He is with us in the waiting hours as well as in the working hours. There must be good in our sufferings and losses to ourselves and others. We cannot see the blessing or understand the meaning now, beloved, while we pass through the shadow and the clouds hang low—He does not ask us to—but afterwards, blessed, glorious afterwards, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness.

"It worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," if only "our hearts, through sorrow, be set free to yield a service of deep love," and He will compensate here and hereafter."

"There is never a waiting time, weary
and long,
That will not sometime have an
ending;
The most beautiful part of the landscape is where
The sunshine and shadow are blending."

To those who have health and strength I want to add one little word. Ability makes responsibility. Make the most of your opportunities, seize upon each one and use it for the glory of God and the good of others. In looking back over eighteen years' service as an officer in the Army, eighteen years that have had many blessed victories, as well as many sorrows, I do not regret one journey, one effort, one sacrifice made for Jesus and His poor, lost, needy ones.

His Excellency the Governor of Natal, wrote Major Smith, of South Africa, asking him to arrange Thanksgiving Services for the celebration of Peace, in unison with the churches of the Colony. None of the services held were more fervent than those held in the Salvation Army halls.



Nursery of Toronto Industrial Home for Women.

A Little Cripple Boy, of the Toronto Rescue Home.

AGAINST CONSUMPTION.

A life sacrificed to a preventable disease is a wasted life, and France is to be commended in her efforts to stay the spread of consumption within her borders. The following "Notice Concerning the Propagation of Tuberculosis" has been posted in prominent parts of the post and telegraph buildings of the Republic:—

"Tuberculosis kills in Paris alone over thirteen thousand persons every year. In provincial towns and country districts it is far from rare. Nevertheless, it is known that it is caused entirely by contagion; all the modes of contagion are known, therefore it is preventable. In nearly every case the propagation occurs in the following manner: A tuberculosis subject spits on the floor and the sputum dries. The microbes of tuberculosis are to be found in the sputum in myriads, and when dry can remain alive for many years, always ready to germinate like a seed. They mix with the dust of the air, and if the dust is drawn in during respiration the microbes penetrate into the lungs, develop there, and produce the disease. No age or constitution is secure from these attacks, it is, therefore, in the interests of all to watch over the observance of the following precautions: 1. It is strictly forbidden to spit on the floor in the buildings of the Post and Telegraph Department. 2. Dry sweeping is prohibited. The floors must be cleaned with damp cloths."

Sword Thrusts.

No one loves the man whom he fears.

Self-conquest is the greatest of victories.

Wind puffs up empty bladders; opinions, fools.

One swallow does not make spring, nor yet one fine day.

Bad men live that they may eat and drink, whereas good men eat and drink that they may live.

Four things belong to a judge: To hear courteously, to answer wisely, to consider soberly, and to decide impartially.

If evil thoughts assault, pray God, if a hundred times, pray a hundred times, and it will be a hundred victories.

Every kind act we do for others is a seed that never yet failed to bring return of shade, flowers, and barrels of fruit.

Seek to do every day something which may win the praise of God at the last. Dread praise now, which would rob of that.

That another's presence should make one do things better, is not wrong. Self-consciousness is the punishment of self-love.

If a person longs earnestly to pray, and yet falls asleep, we hope God accepts the intention, though they lose the things they might have asked for in prayer.

Such as profess to admire virtue, but do not practise it, are like a harp which gives a pleasing sound to others, but the instrument itself receives no pleasure.

As a leaf or the wing of the more delicate insects is so slight that it seems nothing but the power of reflecting the outward light, so may your soul be; yourself nothing, God all.

No great genius was ever without some mixture of madness, nor can anything grand or superior to the voice of common mortals be spoken except by the agitated soul.

Like the Samians throwing their empty sack before the Spartans, and saying the word "Flour," which they said was a word too much, since if they only saw the empty sacks it was enough; so if we bring our emptiness before God, He will fill it.

III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE REVOLT OF BOHEMIA.

Ferdinand II... ... ... A.D. 1619-1621.

Affairs were in a very unpromising state for Ferdinand when Matthias died. The Protestant princes of the Union were unwilling to make him Emperor, nor would the Bohemians accept his promise to renew the Letter of Majesty; but Count Thurm, by favor of the numerous Austrian Protestants, marched up to the very walls of Vienna.

Ferdinand sent his wife and children away to the Tyrol, and waited at Vienna himself, with only three hundred men whom he could depend upon. The Austrians meant to profit by his distress, and insisted that he should accept a charter which united them with the Bohemians, and made them far too strong for his reforms. He threw himself on his knees, and prayed for aid to stand firm against what his conscience forbade, and he thought he heard a voice in answer, "Fear not, I will not forsake thee."

The Bohemian cannon were firing on his palace, and sixteen Austrian nobles rushed in on him, calling on him to sign the charter, telling him that the city had revolted, and that if he did not sign he should be shut up in a convent, and his children should be bred up Protestants. One noble even took him roughly by the button of his coat, saying, "Sign it, Nandel!" but he never lost his firmness, and at that moment a trumpet was heard outside. A troop of Flemish horse, sent to Ferdinand's aid by the Archduke Albert, had entered by a gate not guarded by Thurm, and he was rescued.

The Bohemians retreated, and proceeded to hold a diet at Prague, where they elected the Elector Palatine, Friedrich, as their King. He was at that time at the diet of the Empire. The three Protestant Electors had much rather not have chosen Ferdinand, but as they could agree on no one else, the three Archbishops led them, and there was no vote against him.

The Elector Palatine was advised against accepting the Bohemian crown by his father-in-law, James I., who said he must not reckon on English aid in meddling with other people's rights, and his own mother was of the same mind. He himself was weak and perplexed. "If I refuse," he said, "I shall be accused of cowardice; if I accept, of ambition. Decide as I may, all is over with me and my country." But his wife, Elizabeth Stewart, thought acceptance a duty, and taunted him with having married a king's daughter without spirit to act as a king, and, half distracted, he yielded, and set off from his beautiful home in Heidelberg amid the tears of all his people. On the 4th of November, 1619, he was crowned at Prague, where he was received with great joy. The ladies sent Elizabeth sacks of all sorts of cakes, and an ebony cradle, inlaid with silver, for her son Rupert, her third child, who was born the next month. But Friedrich was such a Calvinist as soon to offend the Hussites, who had kept all the old ornaments on their churches, and had the Catholic service in their own tongue. He also quarrelled with Count Thurm, and gave command of the army to Prince Christian of Anhalt.

"Here is a prince in a fine labyrinth," said the Pope, and "he will be only a winter king," said the Jesuits. And in the spring the Flemish army entered the Palatinate, and horribly ravaged the beautiful Rhineland, so that the Electress dowager and her grandchildren could hardly escape. Maximilian of Bavaria, at the head of an army of his own people and of Austrians, entered Bohemia, and Count Tilly, the chief Austrian general, encamped on the White Hill above Prague. It was a Sunday morning, and the Gospel read for the day was: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." The soldiers took it as a good omen, and Tilly gave battle as soon as mass was over.

(To be continued.)

TENDERNESS.

Tenderness does not mean weakness, softness, effeminateness. It is consistent with strength, manliness, truth, and bravery. It does not show itself alone in the touch, but in unselfishness, thoughtfulness, considerateness, forbearance, patience, long-suffering. But however it shows itself, it is as the bloom on the peach, as spring flowers on the earth, as the music of the angels stealing down on the plains of Bethlehem. You may not have much of this world's wealth to distribute, but you may give something better and spend a useful and beneficent life, if you will practise this lesson of shedding around you the grace of human tenderness, in word and act, and by the spirit of your life.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

GRIT AND GO.

Carlyle's "Gospel of Work," as it has been called, was comprised in the sententious advice: "If you have anything in the world to do, do it." Everybody has something in the world to do. So it may not always appear, but so it always is. The first thing necessary is clearly to perceive the duty to be effected, and the next thing is to do it. Grit and go accomplish wonders. The man with purpose and push comes out on top.

SYMPATHY.

Within the garden of the soul, dear heart,
Near by a bower wherein true love may sit,
There grows a flower we tend with gentle art,
And tender tears do weep to water it.

Perennial bloom it hath for you and me,
Unfolding beauties every transcient hour,
Truth is the root, its stem sincerity,
Kind thoughts the leaves, and sympathy the flower.

—T. H. Ellis.

GIVING A REASON.

A man who loves to talk to strangers and everybody about salvation, one night spoke to a trolley car conductor, while he was making change for the man's fare. All was quiet, and every passenger heard the brief conversation.

Said the conductor, "If you will tell me one thing, then I will believe what you say."

"Well, sir," said the man, "what is that one thing."

"Tell me how it is that the wicked people are the best off generally in life, have the most money and are more prosperous than you Christians?"

The Way of the Cross.

Over the city is falling
The quiet, restful night,
And vesper bells are calling,
As fades the Sabbath light.
Out from the temple stealing,
In melody sweet and strong,
Organ notes are pealing,
While voices rise in song.

Louder the hymn is swelling—
A glorious battlecry;
Of struggle and victory telling
When hosts of sin are nigh.
List how the strain triumphant
Floats through the open door:
"With the cross of Jesus
Going on before."

One whose heart was aching
Passed in the silent street,
From saddest reverie waking,
She stayed her hastening feet.

Just when the hymn was closing
She paused at the temple door;
Hark!—"The cross of Jesus
Going on before."

Old and familiar the measure,
Only a meaning new;
Ah, what a priceless treasure
Came in the message true!
Sacred light seemed falling
On the cross she bore,
From "the cross of Jesus
Going on before."

What, though life be dreary?
Hope and gladness flown?
Child of grief, so weary,
Thou art ne'er alone.
In the path of sorrow,
Trodden o'er and o'er,
Is "the cross of Jesus
Going on before."

MARVELOUS PATIENCE.

Pericles was of so patient a spirit, that he was hardly ever troubled with anything that crossed him. There was a man who did nothing all day but rail at him in the market-place before the people, notwithstanding Pericles was a magistrate. Pericles, however, took no notice, but dispatching sundry cases of importance till night came, went home with a sober pace. The man followed him all the way, defaming him as he went. Pericles, when he came home, as it was dark, called his man, and desired him to get a torch and light his defamer home.—Buck.

A LIVING WORD.

A professor uttered a mighty thought; and the newspapers printed it; the papers were laid aside, and the thought forgotten.

Then he put the thought in a book; and the book mouldered into dust upon the library shelves; and the thought was again forgotten.

He engraved it upon a granite rock; and afterwards even the language of it died, and the thought was still forgotten.

* * * *

A prophet had a thought, and he wrote it in the hearts of men, and the men were stirred to action by the thought; and afterwards this thought also was forgotten.

Then the prophet died.

At the throne of God he found his thought in the Book of Remembrance. —Ex.

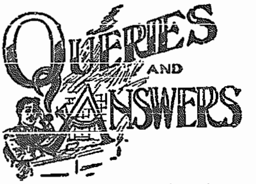
"Possibly," said the man, "I can't answer that any clearer to your mind than to tell you something: When I was a boy I lived out West on my father's farm, and he used to raise a lot of hogs every year. Before killing time he used to commence feeding those hogs more than ever before, so as to get them good and fat for slaughter. Now," continued the man, "perhaps you can't apply this illustration to your question so as to satisfy yourself; but, if you'll read the Scriptures, you'll find that it is about what God says will happen to the wicked!"—M. W. R.

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

All along our earthly life we are shut in with God, as it were, in little spaces. We must live a day at a time. The mornings are like little hilltops from which we can look down into the narrow valley of one little day. What lies over that next hill we cannot tell. Perhaps when we come to it, it may reveal to us a lovely garden through which our path shall go on. Or it may show us a vale of shadows, or a path amid briers. No matter; we have but the one little valley of the day now in sight. Evening is our horizon. Here in this little day's enclosure we can rest as in a refuge. To-morrow's storms and cares cannot touch us.

Every youth will become a yeoman in some cause.

What we gain in sentiment we are apt to lose in sense.



We are prepared to answer questions and give information upon any subject as far as it is possible for us to do so. We will answer enquiries about rules and regulations, difficult subjects of Doctrines, as far as this is necessary for spiritual growth, about personal troubles and perplexities, or regarding general points of interest to the majority of readers.

Write us frankly. Whenever a reply is such that it should be given quite confidentially, we will answer by letter, if you enclose postage stamp. We would not use your name in print, but all enquirers should sign their full name and address, as a matter of good faith.

Q.: Is it right to copy from the writings of others and embody the same in articles of your own without giving credit to the author?

A.: Decidedly not. This is what is termed plagiarism, and is very wrong indeed. It is not wrong to quote another in your article, but such quotations must always be put in quotation marks, and credit given, thus: "Better is a handful with quietness, than both hands full with travail and vexation of spirit." Eccl. iv. 6.

Norway.

Although it was light nearly all the night when Commissioner Ridsdel, on June 1st, visited Vardo, in the north of Norway, it was as cold as an English Christmas, and snow fell fast all through the Sunday.

Germany.

The sequel to the General's visit to Berlin was a splendid revival of open-air work in the courts, and increased indoor attendances, and a fiercer zeal for the salvation of souls.

Major Smith is busy getting together a party of Zulus, who will be going to England in the interests of the native work.

It is a fine thing to have just the right tool for one's task. But if you have not the perfect tool, use the tool you have. Better to be carving with love and a jack-knife than waiting contentedly for a sculptor's chisel.

COMING EVENTS.

West Ontario Province.

MAJOR McMILLAN

assisted by

THE WEST ONTARIO CAMP MEETING BRIGADE

Will visit Dresden, July 29 to Aug. 11; Petrolia, Aug. 12 to 25.

LEGACIES.

Notice to Friends who are about to make their Wills, and desire to help the work of the Salvation Army.

THE good intentions of some friends have been made useless in consequence of their Wills not being in conformity with the law relative to charitable bequests. The following course of action is therefore recommended. If the property of a Testator desiring to benefit the Fund consists of Money, or Foreign Bonds, Canal Shares, Cash in Deposit, Shares in Trading Companies, Consols, Loans to Municipal Corporations, Debentures, Shares in Gas, Electric Light or Power, Water or Industrial Companies, Telegraph Shares, and Shares in Mines or similar kinds of property, then the following form of bequest should be used:—

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH TO COMMISSIONER EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, or other the Commissioner or Chief officer for the time being, of THE SALVATION ARMY in the Territory of Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the North-Western States of America, the sum of $..................to be used or applied by her or him at her or his discretion for the general purposes of the said Salvation Army in the said Territory of Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the North-Western States of America.

Directions for Execution of Will.

The Will must be executed by the Testator in the presence of two witnesses, who must both be present together when he executes it, and who must sign their names, addresses and occupation on the same page at the end of the Will. The best method to adopt, for a Testator to be quite sure that his Will is executed properly, is for him to take the Will and tell the witnesses that he wants them to be witnesses to it, and then all three sign the Will in each others' presence, and let none of the three go away until they have all signed.

The Commissioner will always be pleased to procure further advice for any friends desiring to benefit the Army by Will or otherwise, and will treat any communications made to her on the subject as strictly private and confidential.

Letters dealing with the subject should be marked private, and addressed to COMMISSIONER E. C. BOOTH, S. A. Temple, Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario.

OUR HUSTLERS HONOR ROLL

The North-West Comes Out of the Blizzard — Central Ontario Has Taken a Chill, while West Ontario's Charger is Running Ahead — Three Famous Lieutenants.

The position of the Provinces is unchanged this week, except that the North-West Province has come safely through the blizzard, and has left the Pacific and Newfoundland in the rear.

Poor Central Ontario! I had great hopes for ye, and I was indulging in silent gratification concerning your exploits, but, ah! I had forgotten the proverb told me when I was a youngster—"not to count chickens before they are hatched." And now the C. O. P. drops four boomers, and my fondest hopes are dashed to the ground once more. Major McMillan need have no fear of his charger being overtaken if Central Ontario doesn't do better. Still, I would not discourage ye. Many a noble battle has been fought by the C.O.P. braves, and I have still faith in you all.

Now a word or two to those valiant West Ontario boomers. It would be a struggle, I well know, for those "blue noses" are not so easily beaten. Still, I think there is a chance to place the W. O. P. at the head of the list. What say ye? Or are ye content to take second place? Methinks you are not.

Ah! Ah!! Ah!!! I am bubbling over with smiles. Capt. Hockin, of London, Ont., did magnificently last week, but where, oh, where is she? My eager eyes run up and down the Competition List in vain for a name so worthy. A drop from 400 to nothing is an awful fall. Nevertheless, as before stated, my heart is full of joy, for I see a boomer with sales amounting to 380, and her name is Lieut. Currell. We thought she would not take second place long. Lieut. West, of London, however, is on her track with 300, while Lieut. March, of St. John I., N.B., is third in the race with 255. I am proud of ye, Lieutenants!

Eastern Province.

134 Hustlers.

Lieut. March, St. John I.	255
Lieut. Moore, Sydney	250
Sergt. Lidston, Glace Bay	162
Capt. E. White, Charlottetown	150
Capt. Martin, Fredericton	150
Capt. Payne, Hamilton	150
Cand. Thompson, Charlottetown	134
Capt. Redmond, Somerset	130
Sergt. McQueen, Moncton	115
Mrs. Adjt. Wiggins, New Glasgow	113
Capt. N. Smith, Moncton	110
Lieut. Newell, Eastport	110
Lieut. Parsons, Springhill	102
Lieut. H. White, North Sydney	100
Sergt. Flood, Hamilton	100
Lieut. Vienot, Halifax I.	100
Lieut. Ginnivan, Chatham	100
Lieut. Weakley, Newcastle	79
Mrs. Adjt. Hunter, St. George's	75
Adjt. Wiggins, New Glasgow	75
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen	75
Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Amherst	75
Mrs. Casbin, Halifax I.	72
Capt. Hebb, Sackville	71
Capt. Armstrong, Truro	70
Lieut. Thistle, Calais	70
Lieut. Duncan, Carleton	70
Lieut. Crossman, Lunenburg	65
W. Jennings, St. George's	65
Cand. Burrows, Yarmouth	65
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	60
Capt. Lamont, Yarmouth	60
Lieut. DeBow, Yarmouth	60
Lieut. Harding, Sussex	60
Joe Dunkley, Hamilton	60
May Turner, St. John V.	60
Mrs. Capt. Forsey, Parrsboro	60
Ensign S. McDonald, Westville	57
S.-M. Smith, Windsor	57
Lieut. Oilbank, Kentville	57
Capt. Anderson, St. John II.	57
Capt. Murthough, Liverpool	55
Lieut. Clark, Liverpool	55
Cand. McFadden, New Glasgow	53
Eugene Packwood, St. George's	50
E. Larder, Windsor	50
Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney	50
Lieut. Fewsum, Whitney Pier	50
Lottie Rafuse, Halifax I.	50
Lieut. Copeland, St. John II.	50
Sergt. Bazley, Halifax II.	50
Ensign Bowering, Woodstock	50
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	50
John Gibbons, St. George's	48
Capt. Kirk, Dartmouth	45
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	45
Lieut. McDonald, Stellarton	45
Mrs. Fraser, Halifax I.	45
Lieut. McKay, Houlton	45
Sergt. Jarvis, Halifax II.	45
Winnie Burgess, Halifax I.	44
Capt. Tiller, Sydney Mines	44
Lieut. McLennan, Bridgewater	40
Capt. Ritchie, Whitney Pier	40
Lieut. Richards, Clark's Harbor	40
Sergt. Semple, Fredericton	40
Lieut. E. White, Bridgetown	40
Lieut. Ogilvie, Bridgetown	40
Mrs. Jones, Halifax I.	40
Cand. Hardwick, St. Stephen	40
Capt. Janes, Halifax II.	40
Capt. Cowan, St. John I.	36
Lieut. Netting, Annapolis	35
Mrs. Ensign Williams, Fredericton	35
Mrs. Place, Hamilton	35
Capt. Mercer, Campbellton	35
Ensign Knight, St. John III.	35
Capt. Thiem, Halifax II.	32
Lieut. Wood, Dartmouth	30
Sergt. McDowe, Dartmouth	30
Lieut. W. Riley, Fairville	30
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	30
J. Irons, Windsor	30
Sergt. Dinnie, Glace Bay	30
Cand. Norman, Glace Bay	30
Capt. Jones, Stellarton	30
Capt. Murthough, Hillsboro	30
Capt. J. Green, Houlton	30
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	30
Sergt. Ross, Fredericton	30
P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton	30
Capt. Chandler, Canning	30
Cadet Chislett, Canning	30
Mary Kirby, Halifax I.	30
Capt. Meikle, Annapolis	30
Mrs. Marshall, Digby	30
Lieut. Legge, St. John V.	30
Sister Lee, Kentville	28
Capt. B. Green, Louisburg	25
Lieut. Cavendar, Truro	25
Lieut. Barnard, New Glasgow	25
P. S. M. Jefferson, Annapolis	25
Cand. Clark, Glace Bay	25
Sergt. Smith, Glace Bay	25
Lieut. Fraser, Hillsboro	25
Mrs. Lodge, Hamilton	25
Mrs. Smith, Hamilton	25
Capt. Pemberton, Campbellton	25
Sergt. Titus, Freeport	25
Capt. McEachern, Kentville	25
Capt. Ebsary, Digby	25
Lieut. W. White, Digby	25
P. S. M. Jones, St. John III.	25
Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen	25
Capt. Forsey, Parrsboro	25
Sergt. Pettis, Springhill	20
Mrs. Snow, Halifax II.	20
C.-C. Boone, Halifax II.	20
Capt. Parsons, Amherst	20
Mrs. Ensign Knight, St. John III.	20
Cand. McKervey, St. John III.	20
Capt. Richards, Halifax IV.	20
Lieut. Nugent, Halifax IV.	20
Capt. Leadley, Fairville	20
Lieut. Elliott, Sydney Mines	20
Mrs. Adjt. Crichton, Charlottetown	20
Sergt. Kent, Bear River	20
B. Sharphan, Windsor	20
Sergt. Waterman, Sydney	20
Lieut. McKay, Houlton	20
Capt. Hudson, Dominion	20
Lieut. Haugen, Dominion	20
Sergt. England, Chatham	20
Mrs. Douglas, Calais	20

West Ontario Province.

88 Hustlers.

Lieut. West, London	300
P. S. M. Huffman, Woodstock	125
Mrs. Major Cooper, Brantford	125
Ensign Howcroft, Wingham	100
Carrie McQueen, Petrolia	100
Lieut. Thompson, Wallaceburg	90
Capt. Carr, Sarnia	90
Adjt. Scott, Sarnia	85
Lieut. Hinsley, Simcoe	80
Mrs. Capt. Burton, Galt	80
Mrs. Gooding, Galt	80
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Leamington	80
Mrs. Dixon, St. Thomas	80
Lieut. Anderson, Tilsonburg	80
Capt. Maisey, Brantford	80
Minnie Schnester, Berlin	75
Capt. Hancock, Hespeler	75
Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	70
Adjt. Cameron, Guelph	65
C.-C. Grace Cooper, Brantford	65
Mrs. Adjt. McHarg, Chatham	65
S. M. Tremain, Listowel	60
P. S. M. Glover, Dresden	60
Mrs. Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	60
S.-M. Richards, Guelph	57
Maggie Chatterson, Guelph	57
Mother Cutting, Essex	53
Ina Groom, Blenheim	50
Capt. White, Ridgetown	50
Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	50
Mrs. McIlroy, St. Thomas	47
Capt. Rock, Seaforth	45
Lieut. Yeomans, Paris	43
Mrs. Capt. Rock, Seaforth	40
Mrs. Slote, Woodstock	40
Capt. Pattenden, Wallaceburg	40
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	40
Capt. J. Hogan, Clinton	40
Lieut. Richardson, Clinton	40
Fred Palmer, London	40
Mrs. Kerswell, London	40
C.-C. Verna Crafts, Chatham	38
Mrs. Thompson, Woodstock	30
Mary Wissen, Simcoe	30
Capt. Pickle, Thedford	30
Lieut. Ellis, Ridgetown	30
Mrs. Ferguson, Drayton	30
Lillie Duckworth, Hespeler	30
Adjt. Coombs, Petrolia	30
Lieut. Parker, Dresden	30
C.-C. Faith Cooper, Brantford	30
Capt. Young, Watford	30
C.-C. Muncil Robinson, Windsor	26
Lizzie Garside, London	26
C.-C. Lillie Dixon, St. Thomas	26
Lieut. Allen, Watford	26
C.-C. Florrie Keeler, Windsor	25
Minnie Brydon, Windsor	25
Dad Christner, Dresden	25
Mrs. Welsby, Delhi	25
C.-C. Nelle Brown, Bothwell	25
Lottie Christner, Petrolia	25
C.-C. Edith Gare, Strathroy	25
Capt. Coy, Leamington	25
Mrs. Glasser, Chatham	25
Dave Virtue, Windsor	24
Lieut. McColl, Bothwell	20
Capt. Fyfe, Strathroy	20
Capt. Williams, Essex	20
Ensign Hellman, Goderich	20
C.-C. Lucy Horwood, London	20
Mrs. Garrod, Blenheim	20
Capt. Bonny, Listowel	20
Bro. Graham, Thamesville	20
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	20
Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter	20
C.-C. Jessie Pearson, Woodstock	20
Ensign Slote, Woodstock	20
Lieut. Murray, Blenheim	20
Mary Schuester, Berlin	20
Rose Ellis, Dresden	20
Sister Howlett, Drayton	20
Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. Ireland, Petrolia	20
C.-C. Mabel Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Calista Sivyer, St. Thomas	20
Dan Kerswell, London	20

Central Ontario Province.

70 Hustlers.

Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I.	380
S. M. Bowcock, Lippincott	100
Mrs. Jones, Huntsville	100
Sergt. Slater, Barrie	99
Capt. Capper, Parry Sound	75
Capt. McCann, Yorkville	63
Lieut. Danberville, Yorkville	62
Lieut. Clark, Dovercourt	61
Bro. Moffatt, Riverside	60
Alice Ebsary, Bracebridge	60
Lieut. Porter, Collingwood	60
Capt. Plant, Brampton	55
C.-C. Sheardown, Huron St.	50
Sergt. Dickinson, Dundas	50
Capt. Meader, North Bay	50
Lieut. Porter, North Bay	50
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	50
Ensign Hyde, Riverside	50
Capt. Culbert, Collingwood	50
Lieut. Jago, Fenelon Falls	47
Lieut. Sheppard, Barrie	46
Capt. Rose, Orillia	45
Capt. Meeks, Huron St.	45
Ensign Hanna, Dundas	43
Ensign Smith, Barrie	40
C.-C. Cornell, Lindsay	40
Ensign Sherwin, Midland	40
Capt. Huskinson, Midland	40
Lieut. Minnis, Riverside	40
Lieut. Griffith, Sturgeon Falls	37
Capt. Stickells, Sturgeon Falls	37
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	33
Lieut. Courtemanche, Uxbridge	32
Capt. Oke, Uxbridge	31
Mrs. Capt. Hart, Hamilton II.	30
Capt. Wilson, Newmarket	30
Lieut. Crandell, Newmarket	30
Maud Hatter, Orillia	30
Cand. McMillan, Lindsay	30
Lieut. Welsby, Omemee	28
Capt. Brookets, Gravenhurst	28
Lieut. Stickells, Gravenhurst	27
Capt. Carwardine, Chesley	25
Lieut. Lamb, Chesley	25
Capt. Marskell, Kinmount	[illegible]
Capt. Matthews, Burk's Falls	[illegible]
Lieut. Meader, Burk's Falls	[illegible]
C.-C. Gerow, Burk's Falls	[illegible]
Lieut. Darch, Ahmic Harbor	25
Lieut. Crocker, Sault Ste. Marie	25
Sergt. Clark, Lippincott	25
Capt. Hart, Hamilton II.	25
C.-C. Richards, Lindsay	20
Mrs. Adjt. Sims, Lindsay	20
Bro. Helson, Lindsay	20
Adjt. Sims, Lindsay	20
C.-C. Courtemanche, Kinmount	20
Lieut. Williams, Brooklin	20
Capt. Pattenden, Orangeville	20
Lieut. Hudgin, Orangeville	20
Sister Glenville, Bowmanville	20
Capt. Marshell, Bowmanville	20
Capt. Calvert, Bowmanville	20
Maud Rogers, Hamilton I.	20
Treas. Miller, Bracebridge	20
S.-M. Boyer, Bracebridge	20
Sister Sherwood, Collingwood	20
Sarah Minore, Fenelon Falls	20
Mrs. Bro, Midland	20
Lieut. Scarff, Orillia	20

East Ontario Province.

58 Hustlers.

P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	152
Capt. Edwards, Quebec	130
Ensign Hutt, Burlington	125
Capt. Magee, St. Johnsbury	120
Lieut. Langley, Burlington	[illegible]
Sergt. Moor, Montreal I.	94
Lieut. Hoole, Kingston	85
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	84
Lieut. Greenslades, Trenton	80
Capt. Woods, Kemptville	75
Treas. Steele, Perth	75
Adjt. Moore, Peterboro	72
C.-C. Carson, Kingston	71
Adjt. McNamara, Kingston	72
C.-C. Pollitt, Kingston	[illegible]
Mrs. Capt. Podger, Brockville	70
Capt. Hicks, Pembroke	65
Lieut. Foley, Pembroke	65
Mrs. Barton, Prescott	63
Capt. O'Neil, Arnprior	60
Lieut. Soward, Arnprior	59
Capt. Green, Cornwall	[illegible]
Sergt. Hippern, Montreal II.	55
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	52
Mrs. Adjt. Moore, Peterboro	50
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	50
Mrs. Edwards, Ottawa	[illegible]
Lieut. Ludlow, Sherbrooke	50
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	45
Ensign Bloss, Ottawa	41
Mrs. Capt. Brimson, Campbellford	40
Mrs. Stone, Lakefield	40
Capt. Pitcher, Gananoque	40
Cadet Allen, Sherbrooke	37
Capt. Crego, Montreal II.	35
C.-C. Casselman, Brockville	35
Mrs. Green, Cornwall	32
Lieut. Duncan, Ottawa	31
Mrs. LaLonde, Gananoque	31
Sergt. Hornback, Cobourg	30
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal I.	30
Lieut. Rutledge, Deseronto	30
Sergt. Moon, Tweed	30
Capt. Brimson, Campbellford	[illegible]
Sergt. Wright, Montreal I.	25
Mrs. Cross, Cornwall	25
Mrs. Capt. Clark, Brockville	25
Mrs. Stacey, Perth	25
C.-C. Tetterly, Cornwall	23
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	22
Sergt. Voucour, Montreal I.	[illegible]
Sister Gilbert, Ottawa	22
Sister Bullock, Montreal II.	22
Lieut. Oldford, Odessa	[illegible]
Mrs. Housden, Montreal I.	20
Capt. Ash, Sherbrooke	20
Treas. White, Brockville	20
Father Duquett, Trenton	20

North-West Province.

46 Hustlers.

Sergt. Livermore, Winnipeg	145
Lieut. Forsberg, Winnipeg	131
Capt. Meyer, Grafton	116
Capt. E. Gamble, Rat Portage	[illegible]
Lieut. Croser, Edmonton	100
Ensign Mercer, Fort William	[illegible]
Lieut. Flemming, Moorhead	[illegible]
Capt. Habkirk, Medicine Hat	82
Ensign McLean, Port Arthur	80
Lieut. McLaren, Grand Forks	[illegible]
Mrs. Capt. Gillam, Calgary	70
C.-C. Leadman, Winnipeg	65
Mrs. Ensign Wilkins, Grand Forks	[illegible]
Lieut. Minear, Minot	60
Ensign Hayes, Fargo	60
Ensign Wynn, Brandon	60
Capt. Barrager, Brandon	60
Capt. McKay, Fargo	55
Lieut. Wiley, Prince Albert	[illegible]
Mrs. Messer, Winnipeg	50
Lieut. Cook, Lethbridge	48
Capt. Brandser, Devil's Lake	47
Capt. Haugen, Devil's Lake	45
Cand. Stickley, Dauphin	45
Lieut. Irwin, Carberry	45
Sergt. Halford, Winnipeg	[illegible]

Capt. Blodgett, Jamestown	40
Lieut. Papstein, Jamestown	40
Lieut. Plester, Souris	38
Capt. Livingston, Neepawa	35
Lieut. Cusiter, Moose Jaw	33
Lieut. Nuttal, Grafton	32
Capt. Kenmir, Bismarck	31
Capt. Hall, Selkirk	30
Lieut. Limson, Moosomin	24
Ensign Green, Moose Jaw	24
Capt. G. Gamble, Rat Portage	24
Adjt. Hayes, Lethbridge	23
Lieut. Gardner, Neepawa	23
Lieut. Rankin, Regina	23
Lieut. Morris, Regina	22
Bro. McCurdy, Fargo	21
Sergt. Montgomery, Winnipeg	20
Sergt. Johnston, Winnipeg	20
Lieut. Mansell, Emerson	20
Lieut. Karns, Emerson	20

Pacific Province.

29 Hustlers.

Cadet McQuery, Spokane	173
Cadet McCormick, Victoria	140
Capt. Walruth, Victoria	132
Capt. Johnstone, Whatcom	130
Capt. Darrach, Everett	125
Cadet Yerex, Lewiston	100
Capt. Stovens, Kalispell	100
Lieut. Rowlands, Fernie	100
Mrs. Ensign Larder, Rossland	95
Capt. Quant, Livingston	90
Ensign Scott, Nelson	85
Lieut. Johnson, Vancouver	80
Capt. Heater, New Westminster	70
Lieut. Lewis, Great Falls	67
Capt. Hurst, Vancouver	64
Capt. Charlton, Revelstoke	55
Sergt. Terryberry, Vancouver	54
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Spokane	50
Lieut. Sutherland, Vancouver	45
Ensign May, Billings	41
Adjt. Yerex, Great Falls	40
Mrs. Adjt. Nelson, New Westminster	29
Ensign Southall, Nanaimo	28
Hannah Knudson, Nelson	25
Sister Hawkins, Great Falls	20
Sergt. McCormick, Spokane	20
Florrie Pogue, Nelson	20
Capt. Tippett, Dillon	20
Bro. Salak, Spokane	20

Newfoundland Province.

22 Hustlers.

Cadet Jones, St. John's II	100
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. John's I	60
P. S. M. J. Whitten, St. John's I	60
Nettie Rose, Grand Bank	55
Sergt. Elms, Bay Roberts	50
Mrs. Adjt. Fraser, St. John's I	45
Adjt. Fraser, St. John's I	45
Sergt. Blackmore, Pilley's Island	43
Sergt. Blunden, St. John's I	40
Capt. Crew, St. John's III	40
Sergt. Butt, St. John's I	40
Cadet Loveless, St. John's II	29
Cadet Moulton, St. John's II	29
Sergt. Guilliford, Hant's Harbor	30
Mrs. Adey, Clarenville	30
Sergt.-Major Ash, Carbonear	25
Bro. A. Snow, St. John's I	27
Sergt.-Major Bennet, Fortune	33
C.-C. Willie Fraser, St. John's I	25
Minnie House, Musgravetown	22
Sergt. Carter, St. John's II	20
Sergt. M. Green, Arnold's Cove	20

The Klondike.

2 Hustlers.

Capt. Lloyd, Dawson	163
Capt. Wilcox, Dawson	50

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address COMMISSIONER EVANGELINE BOOTH, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

Second Insertion.

3985. ANDERSON, JAMES. Aged 41.

Formerly of St. Dennis Street, Montreal. Was a boiler maker, and worked for Mr. Prowse, Montreal. Left there eighteen years ago for Winnipeg, where he worked for Chas. Gates. Was a soldier in the N. W. rebellion. Last heard of in '85, was then at 605 W. Fifth St., Kansas City, Mo., U.S.A.

THE MISSION OF EARTH-WORMS.

Little things, insignificant things, ugly things, and even unpleasant things, are sorely needed in the economy of Nature. God's recognitions and rewards are not based on the particular estimate of our work which man makes. God's smile rests on the spirit of the doer, and not on the mere thing that he has done. So the worm may stand before the eagle when the appraising time comes.

"Who sweeps a room but for Thy name
Makes that and the action fine."

The most insignificent insects and reptiles are of much more consequence, and have much more influence in the economy of nature than the incurious are aware of. Earth-worms, though in appearance a small and despicable link in the chain of Nature, yet, if lost, would make a lamentable chasm. Worms seem to be the great promoters of vegetation, which would proceed but lamely without them, by boring, perforating, and loosening the soil, and rendering it pervious to rains and the fibres of plants; by drawing straws and stalks of leaves and twigs into it; and most of all, by throwing up such infinite numbers of lumps of earth called worm-casts, which, being their excrement, is a fine manure for grain and grass. Worms probably provide new soil for hills and slopes where the rain washes the earth away, and they affect slopes probably to avoid being flooded. The earth without worms would soon become cold, hard-bound, and void of fermentation, and consequently sterile.—Gilbert White.

Self-Denial Collectors' Honor Roll.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

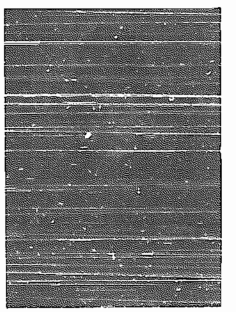
Mrs. Adjt. Moore, Peterboro	$140.00
Mrs. Ens. Habkirk, Montreal I	135.00
Capt. Owens, Quebec	129.00
Adjt. McNamara, Kingston	115.00
Capt. Owens, Joe Beef's	105.25
Ensign Habkirk, Montreal I	87.00
Ensign Parsons, Montreal IV	67.00
Treas. Cusick, Quebec	63.00

Mrs. Adjt. Moore.

Capt. Green, Cornwall	62.00
Capt. Woods, Kemptville	60.00
Capt. Bloss, Perth	56.30
Ensign Hutt, Burlington	55.00
Lieut. Rutledge, Cobourg	50.00
Ensign Bloss, Ottawa	47.50
Lieut. Matthews, Port Hope	46.70
Capt. Ash, Ogdensburg	45.00
Capt. Slater, Sunbury	45.00
Lieut. Gates, Sherbrooke	45.00
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	45.00
Lieut. Hoole, Kingston	37.00
Bro. and Sis. Mosley, Montreal I	36.00
S.-M. Ellis and Bro. Armstrong, Montreal I	35.00
Lieut. Holliday, Sherbrooke	35.00
Capt. Wilson, Tweed	31.50
Capt. Lang, Ottawa	30.00
Bro. Cote, Ottawa	30.00
Sergts. Cummings and Mulcahy, Montreal I	28.00
Capt. Crego, Montreal II	27.00
Capt. Clark, Brockville	26.50
Capt. Thompson, Newport	26.30
Lieut. Keats, Newport	26.25
Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Morrisburg	25.70
Capt. Poole, Deseronto	25.00
Capt. Liddell, Belleville	25.00
Capt. Hicks, Pembroke	25.00
Lieut. Foley, Pembroke	25.00
Ensign Bradbury, Napanee	25.00
Bro. Ganedinger, Montreal I	25.00
Sophie Harbour, Ottawa	21.00
Mother Lewis, Montreal I	20.00
Mrs. Staff-Capt. Creighton and Ensign Cabrit, Montreal III	20.00
Capt. Crego, Morrisburg	19.25
S.-M. Keeler, Port Hope	19.15
Lieut. Greenslades, Trenton	19.00
Capt. Randall, Trenton	18.00
Sister Stacey, Ottawa	18.00
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I	17.50
Lieut. Duncan, Brockville	17.00
Geo. Richards, Barre	16.00
Sister Edwards, Ottawa	15.50
Capt. Pitcher, Gananoque	15.00
Lieut. Langley, Burlington	15.00
Sec. Garrett, Tweed	15.00
S.-M. Perkins, Barre	16.00
Lieut. Carpenter, Ogdensburg	14.00
S.-M. Wilcox, Barre	13.00
S.-M. Yake, St. Johnsbury	12.62
Mrs. Wilkie, St. Johnsbury	12.50
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	12.00
Bro. A. Chown, Belleville	11.57
S.-M. Thynne, Burlington	12.00
Mrs. Capt. Crego, Montreal II	11.28
Sec. Whalen and Wife, Montreal II	11.80
Mrs. W. Stevenson, Peterboro	11.10
S.-M. Rice, Montreal I	11.50
Bros. Smith and Horton, Montreal I	11.00
S.-M. Mrs. Turner, Tweed	10.75
Lieut. Oldford, Odessa	10.25
Treas. Munro, Barre	10.60
Bro. Howard, Burlington	10.00
Chas. Flint, Burlington	10.00
Lieut. Soward, Gananoque	10.00
Major Turner, Montreal I	10.00
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I	10.00
S.-M. Russell, Millbrook	10.00
Mrs. Goodchild, St. Johnsbury	10.00
Mrs. Collins, Cornwall	10.00
Ambert Boyd, Prescott	10.00
Adjt. Newman, Prescott	10.00
Sergt. Wellman, Ottawa	10.00

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

Capt. Glover, Winnipeg	$305.00
Capt. Taylor, Portage la Prairie	141.50
Adjt. Dean, Jamestown	100.00
Capt. Gamble, Moorhead	88.00
Capt. Edith Gamble, Rat Portage	82.40
Capt. W. Myer, Grafton	80.00
Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips, Winnipeg	68.00
Adjt. E. Hayes, Lethbridge	60.65
Adjt. and Mrs. Wakefield, Winnipeg	60.00
Capt. Blodgett, Jamestown	60.00
Capt. Hall, Selkirk	58.60
Ensign Mercer, Fort William	52.80
Lieut. Mansell, Emerson	52.25



Capt. Owen.

Lieut. Hardy, Morden	50.00
Lieut. G. Karns, Emerson	49.75
Lieut. Oxenrider, Hannah	48.10
Ensign M. Green, Moose Jaw	47.50
Lieut. Gardiner, Neepawa	45.00
Capt. Elliott, Morden	45.00
Lieut. A. Cook, Lethbridge	44.15
Capt. G. S. Gamble, Rat Portage	40.00
Lieut. E. Cusiter, Moose Jaw	39.50
Capt. Askin, Souris	38.35
C.-C. Mary Johnston, Bismarck	33.60
Capt. Edward Kenmir, Bismarck	33.60
Cadet M. Lewis, Selkirk	30.00
Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Souris	30.00
Lieut. J. Milas, Larimore	24.50
Sergt. Fred Ferguson, Larimore	21.00
Mrs. Lang, Larimore	20.00
Mrs. McKenzie, Winnipeg	18.50
Capt. Hall, Portage la Prairie	17.00
Capt. W. Miron, Larimore	16.00
Owen McLeod, Moose Jaw	15.00
Daniel Sewell, Winnipeg	12.50
Sister M. Bratey, Lethbridge	12.00
Lieut. Plester, Souris	11.00
Robert Snoddie, Moose Jaw	11.00
Sergt. Mrs. Habkirk, Winnipeg	10.05
Lieut. Forsberg, Winnipeg	10.00
Sergt. Livermore, Winnipeg	10.00
Sergt. Mrs. Fuller, Winnipeg	10.00
Sergt. Mrs. Mercer, Winnipeg	10.00
Bro. Rosaino, Lethbridge	10.00
Bro. Swanson, Lethbridge	10.00
Capt. Robinson, Selkirk	10.00
Lieut. Miller, Moorhead	10.00
Capt. Embertson, Grafton	10.00
Angus McDonald, Fort William	10.00

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

Additional List.

Capt. Heater, New Westminster	$50.00
Mr. and Mrs. Little, New Westminster	16.00
Adjt. Nelson, New Westminster	11.30
Sister Mercer, New Westminster	11.00
Bro. John Bowen, New Westminster	10.00
Mrs. Adjt. Nelson, New Westminster	10.00

The Opinion of Sir Edmund Barton, G.C.M.G., Premier of the Commonwealth of Australia, Concerning the Salvation Army.

"It is difficult for any political organization, or any organization under the auspices of the State, to touch those spots and those hearts which must be touched before the work of social reorganization can be done. It is in the hands of a great Army like this to do these things. It is not in the hands of the State or Commonwealth; because, although the necessity of doing them may appeal alike to both, there happens to be only one way of doing them, and that is to touch the hearts of the fallen and despised. Without huge sums by way of Government grants, without that kind of monetary assistance without which we do not seem to be able to do anything on behalf of State or Commonwealth, here is a great organization depending on the voluntary contributions of the people, and with these doing a work which, in all the history of Christendom, has been unprecedented.

"Why should I fail to give my meed of praise and humble acknowledgement of this great work? There can be nothing better than institutions of this kind. I speak strongly because I think strongly; I speak strongly because the Army is doing what no other organization has been able to do. And it is more especially as a statesman—who must be unsectarian in a country where there is no established religion—that I welcome the existence of an organization which in its moral aspect is perfect, in its energy is also perfect, and perfect in the work it is doing. It leads us to forget the conflicting claims of our religion in the common aspiration that the Deity may recognize the work it is doing."

Regeneration does more than reform.

When grain ripens by moonlight the soul will be saved by culture.

IMPORTANT NOTICE
RE
WOMEN'S SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

It is very important that officers do not send girls or children to any of our Women's Social Institutions without making previous arrangements and **obtaining the consent** of the Matrons beforehand, as we have been put to a serious inconvenience in this way. We gladly help all who need us, but to avoid any disappointment on the part of applicants, we earnestly request officers and others to write us previously. Apply to the following addresses:—

Toronto, Ont.	Major Stewart, cor. James and Albert Sts.
London, Ont.	Adjt. McDonald, Riverview Ave., London S.
St. John, N.B.	Staff-Captain Holman, 35 St. James Street.
Montreal, Que.	Adjutant Ellery, 243 St. Antoine Street.
Winnipeg, Man.	Adjutant Kerr, 456 Young Street.
Halifax, N.S.	Mrs. Ensign Payne, 71 Windsor Street.
St. John's, Nfld	Ensign Wood, 26 Cook Street.
Ottawa, Ont.	Ensign Hicks, 122 Daly Avenue.
Hamilton, Ont.	Captain Bell, 605 Main Street E.
Butte, Mont.	Ensign Ogilvie, 210 West Copper Street.
Spokane, Wash.	Staff-Capt. Jost, 739 Chandler Street South.
Vancouver, B.C.	Ensign Soper, 789 Seymour Street.

Original Salvation Songs.

THE ANSWERING WORD WHEN.

Tune—Lady Harper, we are poor.

1 Some time ago, with sorrow, I remember I am well.
I mourned from the point of sorrow, sad, regret.
My sweet wife, she was unnerved, my grief in angrier could feel.
My pain was pining in the Saviour's sight.
Jesus said, hope, I opened to Saviour's voice.
I always shall regret, I to prove Him was my choice.
But still He love and mercy followed me.
Jesus made me come.
Yes Jesus, Yes, Yes, will pardon give,
He'll welcome sinners home.

Chorus.

Travel the wide world, or go wherever you will,
No matter at what cost, for wrong ever you roam
Always remember Jesus loves you still.
He will forgive and welcome sinners home.

I wandering in from Jesus and sinned
Took, more and more,
Surrounded by your pleasures of your earth,
Amusement were your mother, and the world's magic is sweet.
To Jesus was almost quite from heart and life.
Yes I never first another whose power
Jesus, your mother, Jesus
Jesus near home, Friend or brother, to
Jesus, your mother, Jesus
In every you hear His pleadings,
For it is an earnest prayer,
Jesus seek His love while He waits
To welcome sinners home.

THE WALLING THE PATH.

Tune—Prize of the sol.

2 Jesus was my road and in trust of me.
Hesitating saying
Drifting far from home, yet and sinner,
Will to my spirit, my Saviour spoke.
Forest was the call
"Come to Me, the Saviour of all."

Chorus.

Gently I follow the path that Jesus trod,
Jesus is my guide while I get my true
home.
Gently I serve His strong call
Jesus is Me, the Saviour of all.

There is not heart was a wandering
home
That Jesus for me
Jesus Lord, and I might be free
Free from the darkness and chains of
sin.
Lifted from my fall,
All through Jesus—Saviour of all.

Experience Lessons.

By ADJT. HUGHES, Bonavista, N.F.

Tune—Jesus come with power.

3 Wonderful love, from above,
Jesus from the mighty heavens
came down.
He is saved, His He He gave,
Lost souls His power and His crown.

Chorus.

Jesus come with mercy free,
Lord Hie, Hie Spirit, O, A. TPE,
Hear Hie glory I might see—
He forever.

What a price sacrificed,
On the cruel cross of Calvary;
Shall cost Hie, crucified,
All to save a poor lost soul like me.

Prize Hie name, make it glide
That the blood will cleanse from every
stain;
Pure and white, in Hie sight,
through Hie death stream, Hie Hie
pain.

Sinner come, no hence tarry
In Hie house thereby entry all for
free;
Come to-day, now! today
Lord Hie Hie and have soul permanent
in.

JESUS IS WAITING TO SAVE YOU.

Tune—Summer Traveler.

4 He that are weary and burdened in
sin,
Jesus is waiting to save you.
Jesus is waiting to save you.
Jesus is waiting to save you.

Chorus.

Come to the cross, for there is rest,
Jesus is waiting to save you.
He will forgive, if you will believe—
He must a pardon will give you.

Jesus the Saviour, are free from
Every to feel.

Now my heart is full of singing,
Every to feel;
I am such far from sinning,
Every to feel;
Yes, this joy I can't conceal,
For it never leaves me sinning,
Every to feel.

Sinner you can have this blessing,
Every to feel;
Come to Christ, your sins confessing,
Every to feel.
Then your life will happy be,
And in heaven you'll get a mansion,
Every to feel.

I'VE FOUND A FRIEND.

By A. E. WALLINGER.

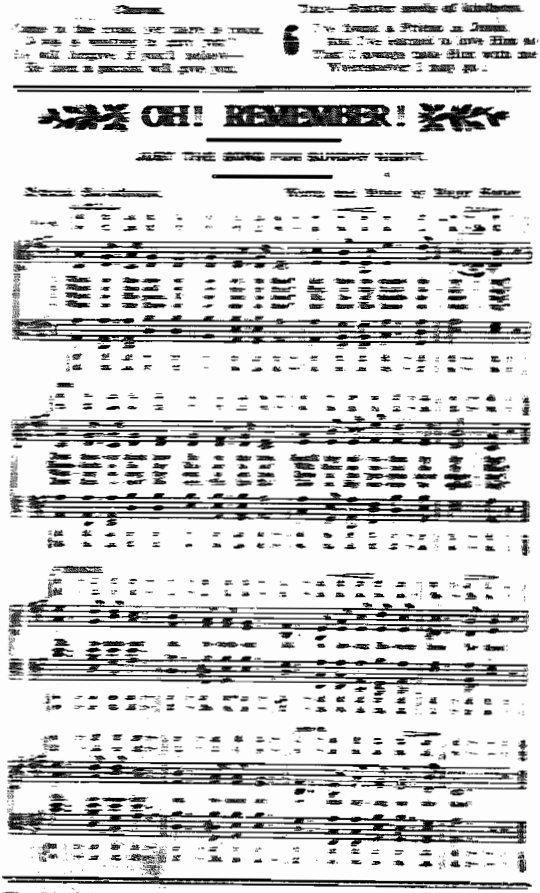
Tune—Better words of kindness.

6 I've found a Friend in Jesus,
And I've resolved to give Him all
That I possess upon this world, and
Wherever I may go.

OH! REMEMBER!

ARE THE SONG FOR SUNDAY NIGHT.

Sweet Sacrament. Words and Music by Harry Kerr.



Though your home, sanctified so far is
side,
Jesus is waiting to save you!
It would cause for will have done you
Jesus is waiting to save you!

In our days, for come while to our
Jesus is waiting to save you.
Christ Jesus is waiting to save you!
Jesus is waiting to save you!
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Salvation, N.F.

WAVE AND REFLECTIONS.

Tune—Dance of Leaf (B.H. 271).

5 I have found a great salvation,
Every to feel;
From my sins Jesus Redemption,
Every to feel;
I am come to assure
Jesus to Christ's cross Saviour,
Jesus the Saviour, are free from,
Every to feel.

Now my heart is full of singing,
Every to feel;
I am such far from sinning,
Every to feel;
Yes, this joy I can't conceal,
For it never leaves me sinning,
Every to feel.

Sinner you can have this blessing,
Every to feel;
Come to Christ, your sins confessing,
Every to feel.
Then your life will happy be,
And in heaven you'll get a mansion,
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I'VE FOUND A FRIEND.

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Tune—Better words of kindness.

6 I've found a Friend in Jesus,
And I've resolved to give Him all
That I possess upon this world, and
Wherever I may go.

Sanctified all my past, I my
Cleansed, my heart, in which
Jesus.

I have made Him my Leader,
As a journey sweet, my
When I meet with Jesus
Then He helps me
When the battles around me
Then He hears the
And when plunged with
Then He heals my wounded

In this life the sweet, I trust
Jesus a Friend will
But at last, when I am
Mid all earthly dreams
When the dwelling death's cold
And the sweet account
Will be sweeter far to
Jesus, the Lamb for

FORGIVEN, WHEN? NEVER!

By A. BEWAN.

Tune—Gentle and Tune (B.H. 271).

7 Life's fierce conquests now are
Jesus
Sinners and follows
In life's battle now
We will fight until
Forward, forward, never
Hence the good and
Heaven will crown
If we God and
Jesus.

Chorus.—Sweet and Jesus
When, if battle Sinner
Have done are
Jesus is the Rock of
He will bring us home
In the Jesus of the
That shall break in
Sanctified children
Palms and crowns
Jesus.

Glorious meetings, heavenly
Then shall we
Jesus, Jesus
In that home prepared
Where redeemed
Jesus, Jesus
Through eternal
Victor's songs we
Jesus.

Tune—Fighting on (B.H. S. B.H. 90).

8 Do the work! to the work! and
and long sounds the
Do the work! every soldier
Jesus but to die
Shun the millions who to
battle soldiers
Oh, arise in the name of Jesus
go!

Chorus.

Fighting on, fighting on, fighting on,
fighting on!
With the Blood-and-Fire we will
fire,
We'll fight until the Master
Do the work! to the work! where the
warfare
To the great God who calls you to
fight, while the
through the battle to
through where the
The Salvation Army to victory
go.

Do the work! to the work! under the
and the cross!
Wearily waiting the Army all
daily?
Bright angels sweet gathering
to Jesus.
Oh, arise in the might of Jesus
go!

Tune—My God, the spring (B.H. 200).

9 My God, the spring of all my
Jesus, speak in my
Jesus, speak in my
Jesus, speak in my
And comfort of my

Chorus.

He will speak the word, for it will
the very
And will produce
In darkness shadow, if Christ appears
He dawning is
Then my soul's bright
Jesus
And Jesus, my Shining Sun.

The opening heavens around me
With heaven of sacred
For Jesus shows His
And whispers I am